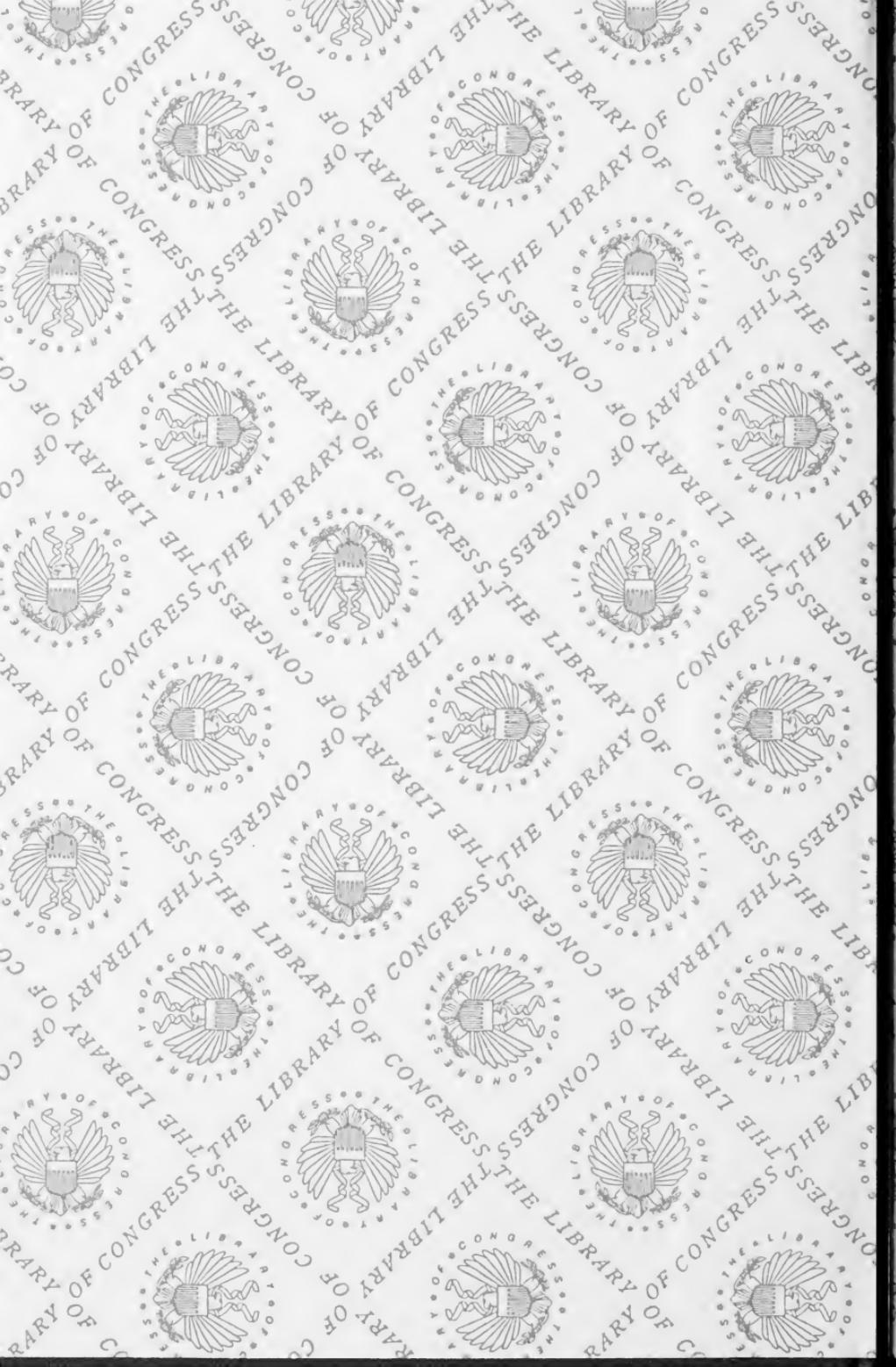
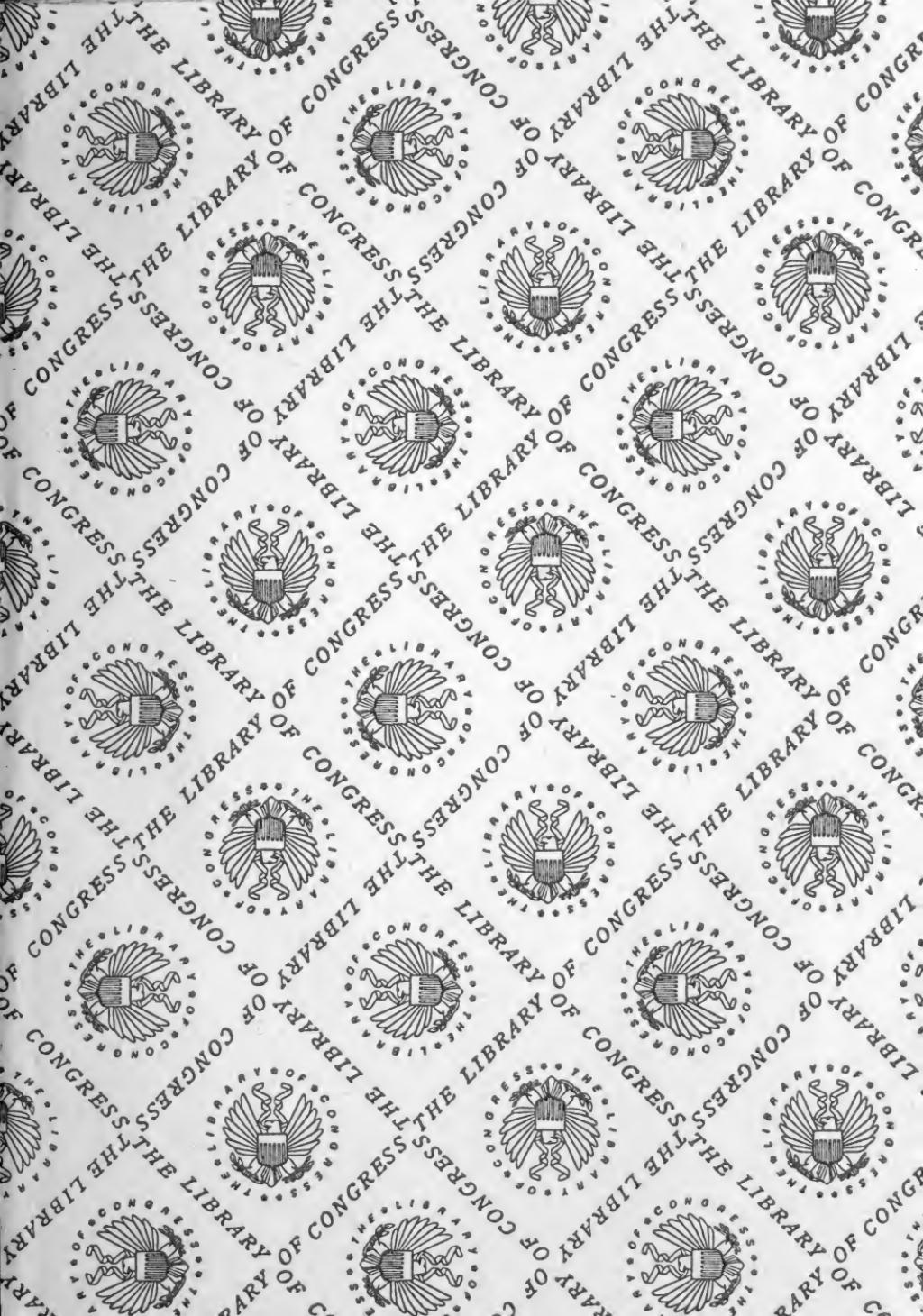


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THOMAS OSTENSON STINE

HEAVEN ON EARTH
—AND—
OTHER POEMS

By THOMAS OSTENSON STINE

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1919

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PREFACE

Sixteen years have passed since my little book, "Echoes From Dreamland," was published. It proved an encouragement to me. Poetry has been a fascination to me from childhood, and to-day it is giving me genuine enjoyment. This volume contains fifty-seven of my poems and prose sketches, divided into Later and Early Poems.

I have had an aim and a purpose in writing poetry and prose. I wrote "Heaven on Earth," "Greetings From Puget Sound," "The Soul of the Poet," and others, for the purpose of instilling into the human soul a love for the beautiful, grand and sublime. I wrote "Emblem of Freedom" and "Spirit of Liberty" to show that a citizen of this country must be true at heart to be an American—native born or adopted. Men and women must be brave, pure and loyal. I wrote "King Bacchus," "The Crimson Cup," "Reflections of Pete Laboe," to reveal evil and wrong. We have to show up and break up evil and wrong to permit the inflowing and infilling of sunshine.

I wrote "Uncle Sam in Prophecy" about three months before the signing of the armistice with Germany. The purpose of this poem is to show the great work that the United States has been doing and will be doing for the good of the world. In brief, all of my poems and prose sketches have an aim and a purpose.

In conclusion I like to state that the people ought to take more interest in poetry, because it develops the ideal in young and old, and the ideal brings joy and happiness to the human soul. What is life without joy and happiness?

The grand, sublime and picturesque scenery of the Puget Sound country is bewitching and inspiring to a poetic soul. This country will produce great poets and artists.

THOMAS OSTENSON STINE.

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INTRODUCTION

It is almost seventeen years ago since Thomas Osten-
son Stine came into my printing office in Seattle and
offered me for publication in The Coast Magazine a
poem. Just what it was about I do not recall at this
time, but I do remember that it was of merit because it
was gladly accepted and published. I remember the edi-
tor hesitated when the scroll was offered him—hesitated
principally on account of the workman's garb of the
visitor. In those days as in these we associate local
poetry with long hair, long coats, and long faces. But
this writer wore neither. He was just one of us plain
folks. I believe at the time he was engaged in clearing
some lots he had just bought across Elliott Bay in a
suburb called Youngstown, and while he worked phys-
ically his mentality did not lag, and he transcribed at
night the thoughts of the day.

In after years occasionally we made use of his efforts
as a writer and poet and always admired the lofty
sentiment expressed in his work. After war was de-
clared between the United States and Germany Mr.
Stine's patriotism and love of country cropped out to a
remarkable degree. His song, "Emblem of Freedom,"

and his poem "Heaven on Earth" he printed by the thousand and placed them on sale for the benefit of the Red Cross.

At my suggestion a biographical sketch in Mr. Stine's own words is herewith inserted.

* * *

"The charming beauty of the landscape in Valders, Norway, where I first saw the light, has been surpassed by the grandeur of the Puget Sound scenery. The change has awakened the sublime and poetic. When a boy I was dreaming about America, and in my 'teens I left the picturesque farm—Steine, for the New World.

"In the spring of 1882 I said goodbye and landed in June of the same year in Brookings County, South Dakota, without money and without knowledge of the language. I found employment on a farm, and devoted my spare time to the study of English. I continued working on the farm in the summer and attended school during the winter. After attending the public school for some time, I entered the South Dakota Agricultural College, but was unable to attend continuously for want

of means, which detracted more or less from reaching the desired standard. My fascination for poetry lessened my interest in practical studies.

"In 1890 I took out my final citizenship paper in the circuit court of Brookings. The question then arose regarding the Americanization of the spelling of my name without losing the identity of the Valders farm—Steine. It was suggested that it be spelled Staine, which pleased my brother. I agreed to this. Some time later I conferred with Dr. George Lilley, my good, old teacher, regarding the spelling of my name. He stated that Steine looked better to him than Staine, but suggested that it be spelled—Stine.

"Late in the fall of 1890 I left Brookings for Puget Sound via Sioux City, Iowa, where I stopped for a while visiting my sister. I left Sioux City the last part of the following February on the Canadian Pacific and landed in Seattle the early part of March, 1891.

"The verdure of Puget Sound looked charming, the scenery grand. I turned to school teaching, obtaining a

place at Chico, Kitsap County. I spent my spare time studying, preparing myself to enter the senior year of the Washington Agricultural College and School of Science. Dr. George Lilley, my good, old teacher at the South Dakota Agricultural College, now president of the Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, assisted me in my studies.

"After leaving Chico, I filed on forty acres of land in Snohomish County, but soon relinquished it to take up teaching in San Juan County. After teaching a short term I went to Pullman, arriving there in the fall of 1892.

"On examination and credentials from the South Dakota Agricultural College, I entered the senior year by taking one or two additional studies. The president of the institution soon learned that he was short of teachers, and appointed me to teach a class. I was also placed in charge of the weather bureau. The fourteenth day of June, 1893, I graduated with the degree of B. S., being

the first graduate of the institution which is now known as the Washington State College.

"I remained at the college until the following fall, when I went to Chehalis County to teach a term. I left Chehalis County to return to San Juan County, where I taught during the summer. The following winter I was teaching a private school in Seattle. After closing my school in Seattle I went to Rollingbay, where I taught two terms. I left Rollingbay for Cedarhome, where I taught for nearly six years. I also taught two terms at Fir and one at Poulsbo.

"In 1896 I discovered I had lost my citizenship paper, and wrote a friend in Brookings, South Dakota, to obtain for me a copy of it, spelling my name—Stine, which he did.

"I have spent my spare time studying and writing. In 1897 and 1898 I wrote a romance, 'Hans the Unfortunate,' but did not publish it. A few years later I made a careful perusal of it, and decided to destroy it, being

too radical. The writing of 'Hans the Unfortunate' was not lost work. It developed my imagination and opened up a wide field for meditation.

"In 1899 and 1900 I wrote 'Scandinavians on the Pacific.' In 1891 I made a trip to Nome, spending nearly three months there. The time spent in going to Nome was a failure financially, but rich in experience. My poem 'Nome' depicts my view of the place.

"In 1903 my little book, 'Echoes From Dreamland,' was published. I spent much time writing 'Echoes From Dreamland.' I have also devoted much time to the writing of other poems, subsequent to the writing of the poems contained in 'Echoes From Dreamland.' I spent more than a year writing 'Heaven On Earth,' and fully a year and a half writing 'The Soul of the Poet.' This does not mean writing continuously, but perusing, polishing, writing, pausing and writing again and again.

"In early life I began to plan for a material condition which would enable me to devote my

time to writing. I saved up some money teaching and writing, which I invested in the suburbs of Seattle—Youngstown and South Alki. The steel plant was built and the city car line was extended into the district. The property became valuable. I sold my real estate, except two lots on the southwest corner of Twenty-sixth Avenue Southwest and West Andover Street. I erected on these lots a building, which is giving me a good income.

"In 1911 I made a trip to California, spending about three and a half months there. Some time after returning to Seattle I went to Camrose, Alberta, to visit my sister, where I stayed about one month.

"Poetry has been my delight, writing my ambition and love. While living at my own place in Youngstown, I devoted most of my time to studying and writing.

"The grandeur of the Puget Sound scenery has been an inspiration to me. It has filled my soul with a love for the beautiful, grand and sublime.

"I have omitted, condensed or changed a few words or lines in some of my poems and prose sketches since their first appearance in print.

"Literature exerts great influence and power and a writer has to be thoughtful and cautious. To me it has been a delight to make a careful perusal of my writings, prose and poetry, before and after publication."

"THOMAS OSTENSON STINE."

* * *

Mr. Stine's book might well be used in the classroom, for it teaches not only a love for nature, a respect for the Divine control, but it expresses many splendid thoughts in a clarity of manner seldom surpassed.

As I perused the proofs, looking for mechanical faults, I could not help being impressed by the ability of the writer and to discover that he loved the things I loved —the mountains and waters and classic scenery of our Puget Sound country.

H. C. PIGOTT.

Later Poems

HEAVEN ON EARTH

I stood upon the seashore
Below the Cascade slope
At sunrise mad with grandeur,
Which filled my soul with hope.

I saw the sunbeams painting
With gold the mountain peaks;
I heard the waters leaping
With music down the creeks.

The dewdrops on the clover,
Like diamonds on the sea,
Were sparkling in the meadow
Till sunshine bid them flee.

The willows on the hillside
In silence shed their tears,
And plumage songsters caroled
Their songs of happy years.

The firs with branches spreading
Above the jeweled strand,
Attired with gold and silver
Stood burning on the land.

The landscape burned and glittered;
The sun in heaven rose,
And spread his beams celestial
Where fragrance sweetly flows.

The sky was blue and mellow;
The mountain peaks did glow,
And brooklets leaped and warbled
From out the melting snow.

The wildwoods laughed and tingled;
The rivers seaward rolled;
And in the balmy deep-blue
Were walks of blazing gold.

The thought of Heaven filled me
With joy and glory here;
I heard the angels singing
With voices soft and clear.

I heard them in the brooklets
And on the rippling sea,
I heard them sing in chorus
Their songs of jubilee.

I gazed in silence seaward,
The ocean breathing lay,
Where birds on silver plumage
In concert seemed to say:

If only man had vision,
Endowed with gift to see
The Heaven in and round us,
Then life would sweeter be.

MY WASHINGTON FOREVER

There is a place where duty calls us,
My Washington forever.
There is a place where music cheers us,
And grandeur failing never.

(Chorus)

My Washington! My Washington!
With grandeur failing never.
My Washington to thee I turn,
My Washington forever.

Thy fields of green and soothing breezes,
Thy broad and rolling ocean;
And skies of blue and sunset burning,
I love with fond devotion.

I love thy rugged, snow-clad mountains,
My Washington, I love thee.
I love thy waterfalls and rivers,
And valleys which enchant me.

I love thy fields of gold and wildwoods,
And songsters sweetly singing;
I love thy meadows, groves and orchards;
And freedom truly ringing.

GREETINGS FROM PUGET SOUND

Land and sea united greet us,
Greeting all in words sublime;
And with magic touches lift us,
On the sunny wings of time.
Over hills and laughing waters
Plumage songsters hang and soar;
From their hearts with gladness panting
Greetings ever shake and pour.

In the distance mellow cloudlets
Float around the old Rainier,
Mixing with his locks of silver
In the balmy atmosphere.
And we hear Snoqualmie yonder
Calling, calling, loud and free,
In a voice which shakes with welcome
He is calling to the sea.



SNOQUALMIE FALLS



From the mountain's snow-clad bosom
Brooklets winding seaward sing,
And the silver-braided wildwoods
Tingle with the joy of spring.
Breezes playing with the sea-nymphs
Kiss the wooded land with glee,
And the golden shore is warbling
With the music of the sea.

Morning steals serenely on us,
Melting in from east to west,
And the diamonds on the waters
Burn and leap from crest to crest.
When the sun departs in Westland
Firs and pines in silence weep ;
Fold their flaming wings in slumber
To the music of the deep.

Mountains looking seaward charm us
On the shore of Puget Sound;
Cataracts with music fill us,
Breezes waft the fragrance round.
Hillocks green and valleys blooming
And the diamond-studded sea
Laugh and sing with salutation
In a strain of harmony.

Rivers, lakes and orchards laden
Mingle with the fields of gold,
And the fir and spruce and hemlock
In their verdure wealth unfold.
Mountains hold the treasure tempting,
And the valleys ever green
Teem with blooms of inspiration
By the sun-kissed shore serene.

A VISIT TO KINNEAR PARK

Above the laughing sea enchanting
A charming place is seen;
Above the songs of pearl-set ripples,
Where blooms adorn the green.

I hail thy grandeur ever,
And breezes failing never,
And blooms divinely smiling
Above the sea beguiling.

Madronas dressed with wings of glory,
And snowballs fragrant bloom;
And hollywoods with leaves and verdure
In laughing beauty loom.

I hail thy grandeur ever,
And breezes failing never,
And blooms divinely smiling
Above the sea beguiling.

I gaze upon the singing wavelets,
Where ships so stately sail.

I gaze with admiration ever,
And witching grandeur hail.

I hail thy grandeur ever,
And breezes failing never,
And blooms divinely smiling
Above the sea beguiling.

And as I gaze upon the landscape
Along the charming bay,
A longing truly fills my bosom,
A longing for a brighter day.

I hail thy grandeur ever,
And breezes failing never,
And blooms divinely smiling
Above the sea beguiling.



A SCENE IN KINNEAR PARK



Behold the grandeur God has given,
The wildwoods and the green;
The happy lea and snow-clad mountains,
And streams and vales serene.

I hail thy grandeur ever,
And breezes failing never,
And blooms divinely smiling
Above the sea beguiling.

Behold the heaven blue and mellow,
And sunshine graced with love,
And fields and meadows ever blooming,
And beauty like above.

I hail thy grandeur ever,
And breezes failing never,
And blooms divinely smiling
Above the sea beguiling.

Behold a city great and charming,
The Queen along the sea,
Where smiling grandeur teems divinely
With song and jubilee.

I hail thy grandeur ever,
And breezes failing never,
And blooms divinely smiling
Above the sea beguiling.

FROM THE SMITH BUILDING TOWER

One sunny day in June bewitching,
In June so fair
And void of care
I gazed from out the lofty tower,
And on the sea
And fragrant lea.

I saw a landscape sweet and charming,
And grandeur true
And heaven blue.
I heard the music of the city
In sunshine fair
And balmy air.

I saw the mountains grand and rugged,
And peaks of snow
In silver glow.

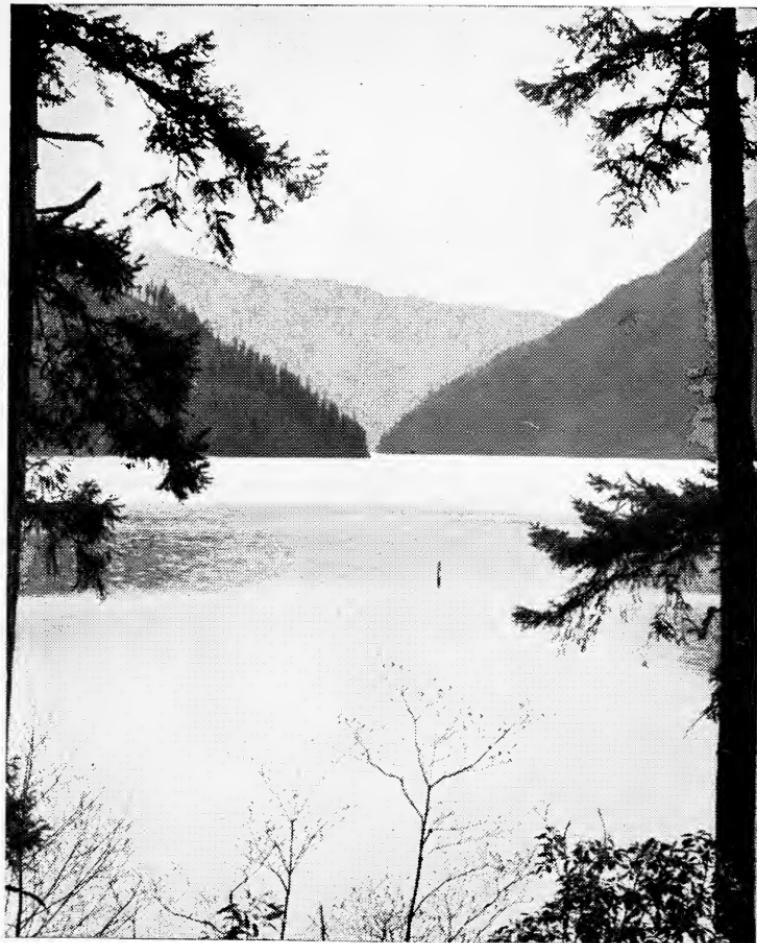
I heard the breezes' tuneful whispers,
And joy and glee
From land and sea.

I saw the stately, proud Olympics,
And Rainier high
And deep-blue sky.

I heard the angels of the wildwoods
In happy throngs
And joyful songs.

I saw the hillocks sweet with fragrance,
And robed in green,
And vales serene.

I heard the songs of homes delightful.
And sweet and clear
Afar and near.



LAKE CRESCENT IN THE OLYMPICS



I saw the Puget, laughing waters
In balmy clime
And land sublime.

I heard the music of the seashore
In cadence rare
And breezes fair.

I saw the ships on ocean sailing
With grace and glee
And jubilee.

I heard the seamaid's mellow greetings,
And to the shore
Forevermore.

THE STAR OF NATIONS

The star beyond the veil celestial
Outpoured her beams of magic light,
And nations sheathed their swords in wonder
With songs of joy and glory bright,
With songs of freedom, truth and right.
On wings of peace an angel whispered,
That strife and separation fail,
And clouds of desecration veil
The star on high serenely beaming.
Behold the higher goal!
Unite from pole to pole
Mankind in love
Like that above,
And peace on earth console.

THE BITTER WEED

I gaze upon the fields and meadows,
Where God in beauty sings.

I gaze and gaze on landscape smiling,
Where music softly rings.

I see the beauty, love and goodness,
And men misguided toil
In fields and meadows sweetly blooming,
And blooming beauty spoil.

I see them toil, and planting, toiling,
To grow the bitter weed;
To grow tobacco weed defiling,
And mischief cause indeed.

The fields and groves with blooms abudding
They mar and vainly praise,
And with a harvest of narcotic
Pollute the human race.

Ah, would to God that man could fathom
The purpose here below,
And plant the seed of usefulness
And fruit of virtue grow.

SUNBEAMS DIVINE

Happy are sunbeams,
Brighter than gold,
True and revealing,
Ever unfold
Gladness and pleasure,
Pleasure and play,
Grandeur and beauty,
Brighter each day.

Bright is the landscape
Brighter above,
Sunbeams refulgent,
Streamers of love,
Stir and bewilder,
Truly display,
Fill us and lift us,
Brighter each day.

Mountains are looming
White is the snow,
Sunbeams are making
Brooklets to flow.
Rivers are leaping,
Seaward they swing,
Fill us with music,
Warble and sing.

Bright is the morning,
Charming the rose,
Blushing with sunbeams,
Lovely it grows.
Pure is the lily,
Godly, serene,
Smiling divinely,
Blooms on the green.

Meadows are laughing,
Touched from above,
Roses and lilies
Tingle with love.
Sweet is the fragrance,
Heaven is fair,
Songs from the wildwoods
Float in the air.

Grandeur is teeming,
Rapture unfolds,
Love in our labor
Witchery holds.
Love is bewitching,
Virtue imparts,
Love is instilling
Joy in our hearts.

Love is enchanting,
Love in our song,
Ever to charm us
Sweetly along.
Love is revealing,
Leads us to light,
Sunbeams of glory
Cheerful and bright.

Love is beguiling,
Opens our hearts,
Love in its beauty
Heaven imparts.
Love in its beauty,
Sunbeams and love,
Fill us with glory,
Come from above.

MY CALIFORNIA

Queen of the South and the jewel of Westland;
Stately thy mountains transfigure and loom;
And in the valleys and hillsides below them
Roses and olives and oranges bloom.
Birds in the meadows and wildwoods are singing,
Singing and warbling in cadence serene;
And from the ocean the breezes refreshing,
Laden with fragrance enliven the scene.

(Chorus)

Hail to thee, my California,
Where the orange blossom grows,
Where the palm with roses minglest
And the olive fragrance flows;
Where the breezes from the ocean
With besoothing touches roam,
Where the birds are singing sweetly
At my California home.

Vineyards and groves with their fruitage have
charmed me;

Poppies in silence their beauty unfold;
Under the deep-blue above they are blooming,
Braiding their blooms in the sunshine with
gold.

Ever with greetings mindful and loving,
Southland, my country, enchanting and grand,
To thee my heart with devotion is turning,
To thee my accents in consonance blend.

ECHOES FROM THE ROCKIES

Hear the echoes from the Rockies rolling with
a cheerful sound!
They proclaim that Westland needs us, strong
and brave from all around;
They proclaim in silver accents, true in spirit
and in test,
That the future greatness lingers in the bosom
of the West.
Westland with its wildwoods spreading from
the mountains to the sea;
With its groves and weeping willows loud with
song and jubilee;
With its firs and hemlocks shading fields of
gold with fragrant wings,
Where the sun his playful glimpses o'er the
landscape gently flings.

Down the gorges deep and rugged, mighty
rivers onward roll,
Leaping, roaring, mad with music, to bewitch
the longing soul.
Snow-clad peaks, majestic, grand, at sunrise
gleaming burst in bloom,
And the lilies in the meadows in their green
apparel loom.
Awful, yet sublime in grandeur spreads the
landscape to the view,
With its hills and blooming valleys and the sky
of mellow blue.

THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH

How often the Spirit of Truth is revealing,
Revealing the beauty that ignorance mocks;
And higher and higher to planes of our glory
It fills us and moves us and glory unlocks.
And purer and purer to planes of perfection
Till life in its beauty and grandeur unfolds
The wisdom of God in the sunshine of knowl-
edge,

Where truth in its fulness divinity holds.

The beauty of life is the token of goodness;
The Spirit of Truth is the source and the heart;
And knowledge of nature's expressions and
doings

Are thoughts of the Mighty which blessing im-
part.

And deeper and deeper we delve and unravel,
The depth is unfathomed, and deeper indeed;
For God in His wisdom no limit intended
To power and knowledge and love that we heed.

ALL IS GOOD

I hear a strange and trembling voice,
As I in dreamland ponder;
It speaks of life,
Its aim and strife,
Of life and struggles here below,
In words that burn with logic,—
For all is good
If understood.

The law of evolution works
In divers moods and manners;
It works so odd
This law of God,
Which swings the stars in circles round,
And makes the sea-maid warble,—
For all is good
If understood.

The storm which wrecks the ship at sea,
A law divine enforces.

The cruel wreck
Unveils a lack,

Which opes the stream of sympathy,
And sets our minds athinking,—

For all is good
If understood.

The scoundrel who his neighbor robs
His punishment is finding.

He sows the seed
Of bitter weed,

Which grows unconscious in his path,
And wakes his dupes to action,—

For all is good
If understood.

The greed for wealth—desire to crush—
The greed of men unconscious
 Inspires reforms,
 Unlocking storms,
And lifts mankind to higher planes,
To nobler thoughts and living,—
 For all is good
 If understood.

The pulling, pushing, sorrow, death,
Are agencies uplifting.
 They cause the strife;
 They wake to life
The latent, growing God within,
And keep the world progressing,—
 For all is good
 If understood.

The sting that opposition brings
Is goodness undeveloped.

It moves the heart,
And does impart
Uplifting motives to the soul—
Experience and learning,—

For all is good
If understood.

Defeat is triumph in disguise;
It trims and moulds and fashions,

And lifts the soul
To higher goal,
To realms of duty, justice, truth,
By each succeeding failure,—

For all is good
If understood.

The goal of perfect life is ours,
Through struggles we shall gain it,
 Through work and strife,
 Which wake to life,
The Heaven born within our souls—
The state of true perfection,—
 For all is good
 If understood.

Note—Some people may misunderstand the meaning and purpose of “All Is Good.” I wrote these verses to show that God will permit evil to awaken the conscience of men and women to higher and nobler things in life.—T. O. S.

THE SOUL ETERNAL

I dwell in God's own vineyard;
A touch of love I feel.
I feel the soul eternal,
The everlasting will.

With plumage throngs I listen,
And hear the throbbing heart,
The heart of God eternal,
Of which I am a part.

I am of life immortal,
And so are you, indeed;
Despite of retrogression,
Our path does onward lead.

I see the seagulls sailing
On silver wings so fair,
Endowed with light omniscient,
A part of God we share.

The brooklet seaward winding
Rings out with harmony;
Divine in tone it carols
With longing to the sea.

Its course is oft impeded,
But onward evermore
It tumbles, leaps and warbles
Toward the golden shore.

There is a power working,
A power everywhere,
Which rules with love and knowledge
In heaven, earth and air.

Whence came this mighty spirit
Which permeates all things,
Which sets the suns revolving
And singing birds on wings?

Behold the plumage songsters
On wings of jubilee;
On wings of grace majestic
Along the rolling sea.

On yonder fragrant treetop
The nightingale I hear.
He sings of joy eternal
In melody so clear.

The wavelets, too, are singing,
They join the nightingale,
And music fills the heaven,
A part of God we hail.

The rose is red and fragrant,
It speaks of love within;
Its velvet crimson tells us
Of life devoid of sin.

Whence came this mighty spirit,
Which makes the lightning flash,
Which sets the ocean roaring,
And thunderbolts to clash ?

Whence came this mighty spirit,
Which makes the raindrops fall,
Which bids the sun in heaven
To warm and cheer us all ?

Whence came this mighty spirit,
Which makes the lilies bloom,
The man to grow and reason,
And mountain peaks to loom ?

It seems to us confusing,
We often look in vain
To find this mighty spirit,
Which speaks in language plain.

This spirit works with knowledge—
The truth, the source, the heart.
It is the ego ever
Of which we are a part.

This spirit lights our journey;
Our course does onward lead,
And grief and disappointment
Are lessons that we need.

Our conscience will awaken;
No start, no end have we,
For birth and death are changes
And help to make us free.

NOTE: "The Soul Eternal" is likely to be misunderstood. I wrote this poem to show that God is manifesting in and through nature. God's thoughts are the laws of nature.—T. O. S.

CHARACTERIZATION OF HENRIK IBSEN

The death of Ibsen spread a gloomy veil over the literary horizon of Northern Europe. For more than half a century the name of Ibsen has been the keynote in dramatic circles. Yes, in dramatic circles, because the world outside of his native country knows him chiefly as a dramatist, but the Norwegians cherish his genius with deeper affection as the author of "*Terje Viken*." This masterpiece will never wither among the Norsemen, but will bloom in their hearts as time moves onward. In this poem we feel the depth of Ibsen's soul; the fire of patriotism burns on the altar of courage; sympathy bursts forth from the heart of unpolluted love; cruel domination belches out from the deep caverns of hatred and greed.

Several translations of "*Terje Viken*" have been rendered into English and other languages,

but no one carries along the tenderness, courage and music of the original. The same can be said of his dramas. The reading of Ibsen's works in English is like reading Shakespeare's in Norwegian. The flames have been snuffed out and only the cinder remains as evidence of a lucid conflagration.

Some authors seek to gain public applause, or to fill the purse with pelfs; others are philosophers who cater for neither of these, but delve into the sea of human concerns to shape a mirror of life in its reality. Ibsen was a philosopher, a child of nature whose cradle rocked with the waves of natural impulses. He was ahead of the time in which he lived, and chose a course of his own. Instead of building on the edifices of his predecessors, he excavated to the bedrock and erected his own dome. He was a Shakespeare of

the North, but with a different kind of genius. The Darling of Avon possessed a more subtle wit, but not a keener intellect nor a deeper and more penetrating imagination.

In all of Ibsen's works we see a panorama of real life. The actors come, play their parts, and leave. That he was endowed with a tropical and far-reaching imagination is evidenced in all his writings. In many paragraphs of "*Peer Gynt*," perspicuity is clouded by the depth of his imaginative power.

His thoughts and works are universal, but not of a continuous concatenation of ideas. He lays bare the various phases of life, manifesting a flexible multiplicity of higher ideals.

As a poet he has paved the walk of philosophy

with grace, beauty and elegance. The fire of Lord Byron, the tenderness of Shelly and the universality of Shakespeare are blended in the products of his pen. Like a bud that bursts into bloom and scatters fragrance over the landscape, so has Ibsen's genius added flowers of beauty to Scandinavian literature. Here and there the awful is interwoven with the sublime, modest simplicity with royal magnificence. We hear the thunder rolling across the firmament like Jove's blazing chariot; we see the diamond-studded waves tumbling against a jeweled strand, on the banks of which are beautiful gardens and orchards, where lilies and roses mingle beneath the drooping boughs of the apple and cherry trees.

Ibsen is a cosmopolitan as well as a true citizen of his native land. His early writings re-

flect the love of home and deal more or less with indigenous conditions, but he broadened out into a citizen universal, and unfolded with rare intuitive power the intricate social fabric of mankind.

“The Doll House” is not a ludicrous production, intended to please and amuse, but a sober reflection of husbandry, moulding the pillars of the home. No other author has handled this theme more successfully than Ibsen. His assiduous study of domestic relations has made him an authority in this particular realm, and “The Doll House” is gradually blooming into a fireside comfort and guide.

As intimated before, Shakespeare’s genius runs on a different string from that of Ibsen’s; but in one respect there seems to exist a marked

similarity in their mood of thinking; namely, in the selection of lofty themes and in treating them with intensity and exhaustiveness.

“Merchant of Venice” reveals with burning intensity love, purity and hatred; it unveils the enmity which then existed between the Jews and the Christians with glaring boldness. “When We Dead Awaken,” “Ghosts” and “Peer Gynt” burn with the sins of man. They also smile with the blooms of love. Ibsen is like a deep sea into which hereditary sins are thrown. Along the shore of this sea are meadows of sweet flowers, enlivened with the music of silvery streams.

THE PLEA OF CEDAR RIVER

You say that I am fickle,
And nurse the poet's dream;
A child of melting snow-peaks,
A gliding, winding stream.
And gliding, winding,
And pleasure finding
In music as I leap
From mountains to the deep.

You oft forget my labor,
But happy still am I.
I glide and sing enchanted,
And lust for gold defy.
And gliding, winding,
And pleasure finding
In usefulness and song,
And singing glide along.

I turn the wheels with laughter,
And laughing still I turn,
And coaches start arolling,
And lights electric burn.
And gliding, winding,
And pleasure finding
In labor as I roll
With music in my soul.

My touch is cold, they tell me,
With lips that long to taste
My soothing, crystal volume,
With eagerness of haste.
And gliding, winding,
And pleasure finding
In touches cold and sweet,
As ruby lips I meet.

My mission is a pleasure,
I sing and glide along,
With duty in my motion,
And music in my song.
And gliding, winding,
And pleasure finding,
In gliding to the sea,
With song and jubilee.

And now I must remind you,
Queen City by the sea,
To keep my crystal volume
From all pollution free.
And gliding, winding,
And pleasure finding,
In duty as I roll
Enchanted to my goal.

THE SOUL OF THE POET

He sang a song, a song appealing,
A song appealing,
The magic bard with hope revealing,
With hope revealing.
His song had charms, divine and blooming,
Divine and blooming;
And music sweet and sunbeams looming,
And sunbeams looming.
His song invoked in cadence mellow,
In cadence mellow,
Sweet roses red and roses yellow,
And roses yellow.
The daisies in his song were smiling,
His song were smiling;
And lilies laughed in words beguiling,
In words beguiling.
He gazed around in pensive dreaming,
In pensive dreaming,

With rising hope and rapture beaming,
And rapture beaming.
He gazed beyond this earth rebelling,
This earth rebelling;
Beyond this earth his soul was dwelling,
His soul was dwelling.
The stars above outpoured their glory,
Outpoured their glory;
And singing heard with joy their story,
With joy their story.
A touch divine bestirred and moved him,
Bestirred and moved him;
And thoughts from high with glory filled him,
With glory filled him.
He paused and sang, and singing ever,
And singing ever,
With soul in God and failing never,
And failing never.

The world may scoff at dreamers singing,
At dreamers singing;
But far and wide their souls are winging,
Their souls are winging.
They ope the gate of life eternal,
Of life eternal,
And sing away to climes supernal,
To climes supernal;
They sip the joy unheeded teeming,
Unheeded teeming,
The joy divine serenely streaming,
Serenely streaming;
They snatch from stars in yonder heaven,
In yonder heaven,
The will of God to glory given,
To glory given.

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA

And lo! the sea, sublime! I hail thee,
The wide and rolling ocean.
The singing waves with hope inspire me,
And laughing waves in motion.

The music of the sea,
The singing of the sea,
And echoes from the lea,
Enchanted me to thee.

The rippling waves, the pearl-set ocean,
Where sunbeams bask in glory;
And surges rolling in commotion
Unfold in song their story.

The music of the sea,
The singing of the sea,
And echoes from the lea,
Enchanted me to thee.

The wavelets on the shore are singing,
And surges laugh, and rolling.
The echoes ring, and ringing, ringing,
And gentle breezes strolling.
The music of the sea,
The singing of the sea,
And echoes from the lea,
Enchanted me to thee.

The yonder singing waves are rolling,
And rolling, singing ever,
Across the ocean rolling,
And resting, resting, resting never.
The music of the sea,
The singing of the sea,
And echoes from the lea,
Enchanted me to thee.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SEASONS

The year has beauty, joy and glee,
And seasons four in number;
And roses budding in the lea
Unfold the summer fragrance.

The autumn speaks of wealth and play,
And golden leaves afalling;
And winter chilly melts away
To joy of springtime blooming.

And as we watch the seasons run,
The life of man inspires us;
And motives which in childhood burn
Like falling leaves are wilting.

The rose is budding in the spring,
And fragrance rare unfolding;
And joy and hope on treetops ring,
Where birds are sweetly singing.

The summer laughs and sunbeams gleam,
The landscape sweet with verdure;
And roses smile and roses teem
Like manhood strong and happy.

But roses wilt and roses die,
And manhood strong is wilting,
But working still to beautify,
For God of love is working.

The leaves are falling, golden leaves,
The leaves of manhood falling;
But hoary age still joy receives,
For God in all is present.

Each season has its work to do,
Each leaf and bloom a duty,
And manhood strong, divine and true,
Like falling leaves is wilting.

But as we gaze beyond this scene,
A higher thought inspires us,
For souls in God, divine, serene,
On higher planes are blooming.

RAIN AND SUNBEAMS

The gray and purple mixed in cloudlets,
And cloudlets into clouds did grow;
And on the thirsty plain below
The gentle rain with hope descended.

The rain is falling, dripping, dropping,
And gentle rain and sunbeams free
To soothe the meadow, grove and lea,
And rainbow arches loom and charm us.

The velvet green and budding wildwoods,
Where gentle rain and sunbeams fall,
Rejoice and smile, and smiling, call
To loving breezes softly laughing.

Behold the rain and sunbeams glitter,
And weaving arches bright and rare
From vales of green to heaven fair;
And hillocks proud with verdure greet us.

The snowy mountains move and charm us,
But rain and sunbeams laughing land,
And snowy mountains weeping stand,
And brooks and rivers seaward warble.

The lea and woods are set abudding,
For rain and sunbeams bring their love
In sun-kissed dewdrops from above;
And Nature's soul with joy is beaming.

THE VOICE OF THE RED CROSS

How often we fail in devotion to duty,
To duty that Heaven decrees;
To duty divine and uplifting in purpose,
And duty in higher degrees.

The needy are calling,
And truly installing
Our aid with devotion,
Beyond the blue ocean.

The sailors and soldiers and others are calling,
The bleeding and wounded today.
Away from our homes they are calling and call-
ing,
And calling to lighten their way.

The needy are calling,
And truly installing
Our aid with devotion,
Beyond the blue ocean.

The tears of the wounded and mothers despondent,

Are flowing on merciful wings
Across the blue billows to Yankees responding,
Where freedom in consonance rings.

The needy are calling,
And truly installing
Our aid with devotion,
Beyond the blue ocean.

With hope in their bosoms the needy are calling,
And calling in spirit of love;
And women and children are calling and calling
For aid to our Father above.

The needy are calling,
And truly installing
Our aid with devotion,
Beyond the blue ocean.

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN MEXICO

There is a country to the south,
A sunny country surely,
A country full of future hope,
And grandeur set securely.

This country to the south we hail
With sympathy and feeling,
With hope divine and kind regards,
And freedom true revealing.

This sunny country to the south
Has fields of smiling beauty ;
And Uncle Sam with brawny arms
Does lead in moral duty.

There is an echo on the breeze,
Our country dear should heed it,
For Mexico is on the south,
And Mexico will need it.

The brawny arms of Uncle Sam
Now Mexico is needing
To guard her coast from foreign foes
Across the ocean leading.

A harbor gained in Mexico
A danger sad is telling,
For Mexico is on the south,
And safeguard strong compelling.

The Mexicans rejoicing will,
When truth reveals the story;
When Stars and Stripes protecting waves
In Mexico with glory.

When Stars and Stripes protecting waves
To Panama depending,
Then life will bloom in love divine
With Uncle Sam commanding.

THE WAVES OF ALKI

I know a place where grandeur cheers us,
And songs enchanting soar;
I know a place where breezes soothe us,
And ocean billows roar.

I know a place where scenes bewitch us
With hope sublime and grand;
I know a place where surges greet us
And dash upon the strand.

I know a place where music fills us
With joy the seashore knows;
I know a place where verdure charms us,
And fragrance soothing flows.

I know a place where hope and gladness
On laughing breezes sail;
I know a place where waves delight us
And golden beaches hail.

I hail this place with joy and greetings,
And Alki beaches fair;
I hail this place sublime, refreshing,
And blooms of beauty rare.

I hail this place of charming grandeur,
Where hope and gladness teem;
I hail this place, bewitching truly,
Where jeweled pebbles gleam.

I hail this place and ocean breezes,
Where cooling sweetness charms;
I hail this place and fragrance wafting
From fields of smiling farms.

I hail this place with joyous longing,
Where locks of seamaidens flow;
I hail this place of fond enchantment,
Where roses sweetly grow.

UNCLE SAM IN PROPHECY

Our Uncle Sam with courage true
 Across the sea was gazing,
Across the ocean deep and blue
 With love of freedom blazing.

He had no hatred in his soul,
 No hatred Uncle noted;
But gazed upon a higher goal
 With love of God devoted.

He saw the ships on yonder sea,
 The ships, exploded, sinking;
He heard the cry of liberty,
 And set the world athinking.

He saw the sword beyond the sea,
 The French and British bleeding,
But fighting still for victory,
 And with our Uncle pleading.

Again he gazed and saw afar,
In vision brightly gleaming,
The glory of the morning star,
With light effulgent beaming.

He took the saber in his hand,
And went to fighting surely,
And Germans soon did comprehend
That Uncle hit securely.

He drove the kaiser down the vales,
And over rivers flowing;
He followed up his bloody trails
With freedom's saber glowing.

He drove him over wooded hills,
To meet his lofty notion;
He drove him over rocks and rills
With firm and steady motion.

He hoisted high the banner free,
The Stars and Stripes with glory;
He taught the Germans liberty,
And sang a golden story.

His saber burned with holy fire,
For God was in the battle,
And to the music of his lyre
He made the Germans settle.

And when his work was done, indeed,
On fields of Europe weeping,
In Mexico he took the lead
With glory onward sweeping.

He saw the need of brawny arms
In Mexico appealing;
He saw the need of schools and farms,
And love of home revealing.

He saw the need of God in man,
And patriotic ruling;
He had a higher, nobler plan
Of law and gospel schooling.

He saw the need of light and love
To Panama redeeming;
He saw the need of God above,
And freedom's banner gleaming.

So, let the Stars and Stripes appear,
Protecting wave with glory,
To Panama with love and cheer
To tell the golden story.

THE HIGHER GOAL

From out the struggle of today,
A curse and blessing surely,
We see a brighter, better way,
The world is growing better.

The sword is broken to our joy,
We hear the voice of Heaven,
And homeward comes the soldier boy,
There is a glory teeming.

The higher goal before us shines,
To doubt is folly truly;
Around it blooms the eglantines,
A higher duty prompts us.

The rose has thorns, the fragrant rose,
The rose of tender beauty;
But sweet, divine, it blooms and grows,
And breezes fragrance scatter.

The lily smiles in grove and lea,
There is a graceful smiling.
It smiles with hope and purity,
Revealing hope serenely.

We see in yonder, golden sky,
There is a higher glory,
A splendor rare, uplifting, high,
The glory of the heavens.

We hear the music of the sea,
The waves are rolling ever,
And echoes from the verdant lea,
The wildwoods teem with glory.

We see the glory in the air,
The love of God is beaming,
The love divine and void of care,
In all divine forever.

We feel the throbbing heart of God,
And throbbing, pulsing, throbbing;
And throbbing to His wielding rod,
We feel His throbbing, throbbing.

May peace and love and virtue be,
And virtue, hope and duty;
Our higher aim which leads to thee,
We trust in God forever.

THE CRIMSON CUP

I know they sing in cadence loud
The praise of wine with glory;
I know they sing but fail to hear
The sad and dreadful story.

I hear the song that children sing,
And mothers bent to weeping,
When Bacchus with his crimson cup
Their fathers lost is keeping.

We sing and plant the golden corn,
A harvest rich inspires us;
And with the goodly gifts of God
We fill the cup that mars us.

We spread the gospel far and wide,
But narrow be our vision;
We ope the stream of crimson flush,
And spoil our gospel mission.

We sing of art and feats of yore,
And hail the cup asinging,
But oft the tempting, crimson flush
Has set the mind awinging.

We couch in song our pedigree,
And sing a golden story,
And singing, hail the crimson cup,
And Bacchus in his glory.

We sing, but lo! the rising star
A sweeter song is singing,
A song from out the starry deep
With prohibition ringing.

Early Poems

EMBLEM OF FREEDOM

Emblem of freedom, how dearly I hail thee,
Gleaming with spangles of victory won;
Smiling with hope, which with longing has filled
me,
Courage and love that our fathers have shown.
Firm in protection,
Pure in affection,
Pride of our country, the flag of the brave!
Spirit awakens with fond recollection,
Deeds of our fathers that sleep in the grave.
Tyranny rallied with fury despairing,
Peasants to battle for liberty flee;
Washington leading and firmly declaring,
“Yankees forever unconquered and free.”
Land in commotion,
War on the ocean,
Never shall ruffle the flag on our shore,
Flag that our fathers with blood and devotion
Gallantly hoisted as onward they bore.

UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

From sea to sea our schools abound,
We boast of learning great,
Of him who speaks the Hebrew tongue,
In French a graduate.
We often grin at clannishness,
At prejudice, indeed,
When China's folly in the East
Through other minds we read.

We see the scholar, linguist, scribe,
At public places meet,
To nurse the dead, decaying tongues,
Or German phrases greet.
They talk of treasure, wealth to gain,
In Greek and Latin lore,
But fail to see the jewels bright
Upon the other shore.

Who seeks to bar the stream of thought
From universal flow,
Erects a wall of clannishness,
Where thorns and thistles grow.
Who seeks to alienate the race
By divers tongues or creeds,
Impedes the growth of unity
And mischief sadly breeds.

Unveil the gems that nature holds,
Let love our weapon be
To rend the walls which separate,
Or chill our sympathy.
Unite mankind from pole to pole
By universal speech ;
And weld all nations into one
To lift the poor and rich.

What language should the world adopt ?
The English I would choose ;
It's rich in words and vigorous,
And fit for all our use.
So, let us all our forces join,
In heart united stand,
And love shall bloom in kindred speech
Through ages without end.

REFLECTIONS OF PETE LABOE

When songsters in their plumage fair
Had drooped on branches here and there,
When mountain peaks rose huge and high
Against the western, sunset sky;
I saw poor Pete; yes, Pete Laboe,
The tenant son in spirit low.
His locks were gray, and bent he stood
Upon the graveyard by the wood.
In restless mood he longed to hear,
The sacred voice of one so dear,
The echo of a maiden true,
The faithful servant, Nellie Prue.
A flood of love now shook his soul
To ecstasy beyond control;
For round his heart with magic care
He seemed to feel her touches rare.
His eyes grew moist, he gazed around,
And spake unheeded on the ground;
"No marble tops her weedy tomb,

No epitaph, no fragrant bloom;
Unknown she sleeps to pomp and fame,
But virtue smiles around her name.
Ah, would to God her dust had tongue,
That she again might weave in song
Those thrilling tones of love divine,
Which brought her lips so oft to mine.
Ah, would to God the world could hear
The echo of her soul so dear,
The ebbing flow of love and truth,
Which symbolized her age and youth.”
He stood and gazed upon her clay,
And weeping loud he paced away
With steps so tender on the grass
And whispered low as he did pass:
“Despite of toil and servitude,
Of angry words and action rude,
She served her master true and brave
Till she was carried to the grave.

The master who for greed of wealth
Had plucked her vitals—robbed her health—
For when he quaffed his wine so red
She toiled outdoors alone and sad;
And often as the tears did roll
Adown her cheeks to soothe her soul,
She thought about her humble birth
And pitied all the poor on earth.”
While on the sacred ground he paced
Unconscious to his brow he raised
His bony hand from weather brown,
And on the graveyard kneeling down.
He thought of days when Nell and he
Together capered round in glee;
He thought of days with gladness filled,
And poverty that would not yield.
His soul now ebbed with overflow,
And spake again in accents low:
“How oft I saw her flit around

With bleeding feet upon the ground,
In chase of cattle on the leap,
Or wading through the jungles deep;
How oft I met her on the trail,
When night had spread its dewy veil
In chilly crystals shining fair,
With dripping gown and ankles bare;
How oft I saw her in the field,
When moon a somber light did yield,
Alone and weary raking hay
Till darkness drove the moon away.”
Now came the tender thought with tears,
Which on his soul had burned for years.
He stooped and laid his head so gray
Upon her weedy tomb to say:
“How oft beneath the hemlock wings,
On yonder slope where robin sings,
We wont to play in fond caress,
Or join in frolic on the grass.

'Twas there our souls together rushed,
When love in blushing childhood gushed;
'Twas there beneath the spreading shade,
When spring its velvet cloak had laid,
In purple blooms upon the green,
I broke the question most serene.
The answer came as from above,
Your heart was full with love of love,
And touched my ear with nuptial sound
Beneath the branches on the ground."
He slowly raised his weary head,
Then shook his silver locks and said:
"We tried to fix the time and place,
And planned the preacher's fee to raise.
We figured day, we figured night;
We built oft castles, dark and bright;
We tried each rule, but failed to give
The requisite to wed and live.
We met and chatted as before,

But calculation evermore
Unveiled the gloom of want and need,
And so in sorrow we agreed
To wait until some better time,
Or try our luck in foreign clime.
She joined her master, so did I,
To labor hard my hands apply,
For nothing else before us spread
Than servitude to make our bread.
Each day, each hour, from morn to night,
The thought of bondage dimmed our sight.
I tilled the soil, unflinching, true,
And planted corn, which richly grew.
She, too, the maiden, bright and fair,
The yoke of servitude did bear.
She lugged the urchins, raked the hay,
And carried water from the bay.
At dusk when darkness clad each dome,
Alone she drove the cattle home;

She milked the cows, she fed the swine,
And plucked the berries from the vine.
She gathered wood to feed the grate,
And darned and sewed till ev'ning late.
Each year we tried a step to rise,
To get a glimpse of Paradise;
But to our sorrow, steeped with rage,
Our station darker grew with age.
The sunshine which in childhood smiled
The lurid world, unsought, beguiled,
And filled our souls with dreams of hell,
With gloom which only slaves can tell.
The tender thoughts of early years
Have vanished with the flow of tears.
A stern reflection of our life
Lays bare to view revolting strife.
The nuptial bell which rang in youth
Is silent, mossy and uncouth.
The castles which we oft did frame

Have crumbled into grief and shame,
And on their ruin dwell our tears,
Our smiles, our hopes, of childhood years.
A thrill of horror stirs my soul,
The thoughts of youth, unfolded, roll
As silently the past I scan,
And gaze upon the tomb of man.
Beneath this turf of grass and weed
Lies one for whom my heart doth bleed.
Yes, one so pure, so sweet and fair
Whose sympathy I longed to share.
How often in the fragrant lea,
When toil resigned to action free,
We met and chatted here and there,
When meadows smiled with roses fair.
How often, yes, how often then
In budding youth we laid our plan.
The sunbeams round our vision played,
But turned to moonbeams as we laid

Our fancy on the screen of strife
With full reality of life.
Ere long the laurels, wilted, waned,
For tyranny supremely reigned,
And paved our way with thorns and tears,
Which darkened all our future years.
Unyielding struggle sapped our strength,
Till death had worked its gloomy length.
The blooms of youth all turned to gray
And toil and sorrow laid away
Her form so fair beneath the sod
To dwell forever with her God.
The years that marked her earthly stroll
Lie fresh and keen upon my soul,
But lips I pressed in fond embrace
Now sleep in dust beyond my gaze,
And hands so full of care and toil
Are mingling with the mother soil.”
A year of struggles fled apace,



And Pete Laboe then joined her place.
Their masters, too, now buried lie
On marble arms in dust nearby.
Their limbs are stretched in uncouth shape,
And pearls their cells no longer drape;
For God decreed devoid of fear
That High and Low and hoary Seer
Shall turn to dust in one domain,
And justice, truth and love shall reign.

SPIRIT OF LIBERTY

Listen! the bugle is tenderly pealing,
Lexington looming serenely today,
Heaven with glory above us revealing,
Freedom unfettered forever and aye.
Often, yes, often with smiles of affection
Scenes of the past are returning to view.
Struggles involving the right of protection
Ring from the graves of the noble and true.

Bravely the pilgrims their country defended,
Spirit of liberty prompted each man.
Down through the valleys they swiftly descended
Fearless of death into battle they ran.
Cannon and muskets around them were roaring,
Yorktown their triumph proclaiming one day,
Higher and clearer in bugle-notes soaring,
“Freedom unfettered forever and aye.”

THE HEMLOCK

A scene so enchanting came o'er my soul,
I saw the old hemlock and wildwood;
The river and cliffs, where cataracts roll,
With fancy and dreams of my childhood.
The thrushes were singing sweet in the lea,
Their voices in consonance blended;
The tapering treetops tingled with glee,
And melodies softly ascended.

How often at noon or ev'ning serene,
The hemlock I courted divinely;
The hemlock that crowns the sweet-scenting
green
With branches outspreading sublimely.
Yes, often I sought the hemlock's cool shade,
So sacred and dear to my childhood,
Where breezes beguiling wafted and played
With fragrance that rose from the wildwood.

With longing I hail the shady green spot,
The hemlock that towers above it;
The murmuring stream, my father's old cot,
And songsters that circle around it.
'Twas there in my youth when leisure it gave,
I sat with my mother delighted;
With mother so dear that sleeps in the grave
Till twilight our vision benighted.

SHEATHE YOUR SWORD

My heart is sad, a scene of ghastly hue
Has spread its blood-stained bosom to my view.
The past, unheeded, lifts a cry of woe;
I hear the echo rising from below.
Inspired with dread, it trembles to my ear
With cannon's roar, with shouts of pain and fear.
Surveying all, the tears begin to flow
As oft I muse with longing keen to know
The cause of blood, the want of human love,
The empty heart, devoid of God above.
O silly mortals! kings and monarchs strong!
Beneath whose scepter moves the busy throng?
All linked together, welded into one,
By soul and flesh around a union throne,
Around the goal of equal destiny,
Where God and man unite their sympathy.

QUEEN OF PEACE

Yes, my soul grew restless
As I gazed around,
And beheld my brothers
Lying on the battle ground.
But as I was lonely gazing
Came a message on the breeze,
And beguiling as an angel
Rose the stately queen of peace.
And beguiling as an angel
Rose the stately queen of peace.

Oft I stood and listened
To her words serene,
Which with gladness filled me
On the sad and lonely green.
On the green so sad and lonely,
As she viewed the deeds of yore,
Came her soft and gentle whisper:
“Peace on earth forevermore.”
Came her soft and gentle whisper:
“Peace on earth forevermore.”

THE MINSTREL AT SNOQUALMIE FALLS

He paused on his way, he listened and gazed,
For Nature was chiming so purely.
He wondered what hand had chiseled the walls
That towered above him securely.

The sunbeams were weaving arches of gold,
And music to heaven ascended;
The spirit of God in nature revealed,
His echo in cataracts blended.

Inspiration burst with tears as he gazed,
The grandeur bewildered and stirred him;
The raging and foaming stream as it fell
Uplifted his soul and inspired him.

AN EVENING ON PUGET SOUND

A vocal stretch in sapphire glow,
A sunset sea of melted gold,
Where dancing ripples softly laugh,
And music fills the balmy air.

In robes of green thy banks outstretch,
The pine and fir with burning wings
Lay shadows on thy gleaming breast,
Where loving breezes gently play.

Above the clouds the snow-capped guards
Have pushed their hoary heads on high
To watch the sea-gulls sailing round
Upon the billows' streaming locks.

The fragrant blooms along the strand
Have drooped their heads in calm repose ;
The sun has sunk behind the hills,
Where silver cloudlets float in wine.

THE BURST OF MORN ON PUGET SOUND

Sad darkness creeps away in gloom,
The jeweled East begins to loom.

Bright streaks like fiery tongues appear,
Then blazing beams the earth endear.

Low hang the birds on wings in space,
The twilight melts around the place.

The ripples roll in gilded hue,
And pearl-set blooms bewitch the view.

A drowsy zephyr shakes the pine,
The partridge struts among the vine.

Now, mounts the sun the sky serene
To kiss the hillocks robed in green.

TRIBUTE TO MT. RAINIER

How often have I turned with wonder unto thee,
Most awful form, the king of kings thou standest
 firm
On green-swathed feet, with head of silver rising
 high.
Enchanted I've stood and gazed upon thy rugged
 breast,
Outstretched with verdure, where fierce torrents
 swiftly roll
With thy huge tears to swell the deep, which
 carols loud,
And lifts a voice of praise unto thee—awful
 mount.
Canst thou, O sprite, which soars around this
 silent shape,
Tell me who set his pillars on the rock of time ?
Who rounded his broad shoulders, robed his head
 with snow ?
Who dressed his feet with roses, hemlock, pine
 and fir ?

Whose hand unlocked the streams which tumble
down his sides
With music which awakes the soul to ecstasy?
O God! Thy heart in rocks and winding torrents
throbs;
In valleys decked with blooms; in cloudland
streaked with gold;
And would that I did know thy sacred will and
plans.
How often in the morning when the sun emerged
From out the crimson curtain in the rosy East,
I've stood enchanted in Thy gentle breath and
gazed,
Filled with Thy soul, O God! my eyes grew dim
with tears,
As I distracted viewed Thy work of ages long.
The sunbeams bore on seraph wings I watched
and hailed,
As they descended from Thy blazing throne
above,



MOUNT RAINIER

And with the smiles of Heaven laid their tender
 lips

Upon Thy less divine creation—land and sea.
Uplifted, filled with rapture as I turn to thee,
O hoary mount! the monarch of the drifting
 clouds.

Below thy broad and chilly brow the sea-gulls
 hang,

Or drift on snowy wings around thy fragrant
 feet.

Thy bosom, sloping seaward, teems with streams
 that roll

With music fierce and mad, to mingle with the
 sea.

Precipitous and wild, the gushing torrents leap,
And rainbows bend in arches round thy rock-
 ribbed breast.

When heavenward I gaze, my soul is filled with
 joy,

As I behold the purple strung on bars of gold.
O clouds, which sweep above me, gray or flushed
with red,
Can ye unveil the arm which pushed this form
on high?
And blazing shafts, the signs of storm and thun-
derbolts,
Which shoot across the deep blue like Jove's
burning car,
Can ye tell me the purpose of this hoary shape,
With head in heaven, feet sunk deep beneath
the sea?
Enchanting sunbeams, messengers from climes
above,
Tell me who robed this stately form with dazzling
light?
No answer, silence, save the soughing of the pine.
O God! to Thee I turn, Thou Mighty God, to
Thee.

Within Thy bosom wisdom lurks in many moods.
Thy mighty hand this awful form through ages
shaped
And clothed him with the garments of Thy own
free soul.
Thou crowned him with a hood of snow and bade
him shine;
Thou loosened his huge tears and called the tor-
rents forth;
Thou bade the roses and the wildwoods dress his
feet,
And sunbeams from above to paint his rugged
breast.

TRIBUTE TO VENUS

Silently when shadows blended
On the breast of night,
From thy blazing throne descended
Glimpses of delight.
Smiling purely,
And securely
Hung thy beams in dazzling pride
Down the heaven deep and wide.

In the ev'ning I have seen thee
Perched on silver feet,
Playing like a seraph round me,
Tenderly and sweet.
Playing, winking,
Softly blinking
From thy lofty throne on high
To thy sisters in the sky.

And thy pearl-set bosom wreathing
Golden smiles of love
To my longing soul is breathing
Rapture from above.
Mute, beguiling,
Gently smiling,
As thy silver lances leap
Down the silent, azure deep.

Oft thy glory lifts my station,
Joy that heaven sips,
Which is falling to my vision
From thy solar lips.
Shining purely,
Tell me truly
What thy constant purpose be
In the blue and silent sea?

NOME

Breezes flying over mountains down upon the
gloomy Nome

Take me gently, I beseech you, as you southward
seek to roam.

Lust for treasure brought me hither from the
verdant Puget Sound,

Nuggets which my soul have tempted hid within
this frozen ground.

Mountain ranges sweeping northward to the
shining polar sea,

Gold-bestudded, proudly boasting, rugged mon-
sters sad to me.

Fainly would I honor give you as my soul un-
biased speaks.

Riches doubtless throng your bosom, spreading
out with snow-clad peaks.

Heaven truly bends above you, sparkling bright
with iris hue;
Fiercely breathe the rolling billows on the ocean
deep and blue.

Sunshine often in the summer cheers the lonely,
blushing bloom;
Fierce and savage broods the winter o'er the
landscape wrapped in gloom.

Cold and dreary is his palace, pillared firm with
beams of ice;
Frozen stands the lonely hillock, and the snow
around it flies.

Often in the star-lit even, when the breezes
chilled the lea;
When sweet fancy ushered gladness to my heart
near by the sea.

Often then stole thought and duty o'er my soul
with many tears,
Thinking deeply of the pleasure which I hailed
in former years;

Thinking of the present status, eager after gold
and fame,
Grasping, hoarding, empty jewels in a manner
steeped with shame.

Often in a trance of wonder have I watched the
eager crowd,
Searching in a sort of madness up the rivers
swift and loud.

Often, often as the sunbeams faded from my view
at night,
Have I listened to the lawless, lurking round
with weapons bright,

Driving men with blade and musket from their
claims so dearly paid;
Stabbing, shooting, bloody murder! as to plans
that rovers made.

Honest miner, haunted, tortured, as he little tried
to make;

He who sought with pick and shovel mountain's
stubborn slope to break;

He who left his wife and children in a country
far away,

Not to look for joy or glory, but their home to
save and pay;

He who left his sweetheart sighing with a kiss
upon her lips;

He who left his weeping mother, gazing at the
north-bound ships.

These and others have been plundered, pity him
who laid the plan!

Pity all so low in spirit as to hurt their fellow
men.

THE NORTHLAND NIGHTINGALE

Bird of royal birth and station,
Oft my childhood thou didst charm,
With thy thrilling flute so tender
On the happy Valders farm.

Many years have passed unheeded,
Struggles which have ceased to be,
Since I left thy home and country
Far away beyond the sea.

Still, a fond remembrance fills me,
Fresh in love and cherished hope,
As I think about thy capers
On the pine-clad mountain slope.

In the morn when sunbeams scattered
Streaks of gold athwart the lea,
On the pine or weeping willow
Burst thy strains of jubilee.

When the sun in yonder westland
Drew his swords of silver hue
From the lips of drowsy billows,
Sweeter still thy music grew.

Soft and tender as the brooklet
Fell thy voice upon my ear,
With a charming touch of Heaven,
Pure, beguiling, sweet and clear.

Oft the twilight breeze did carol,
Shook with melodies my soul ;
But its sighing strains soon vanished,
When thy music sought control.

When thou soared for pleasure northward,
Laden with the joy of May,
Then the hardy sons of Northland
Rose to listen to thy lay.

And the maidens, fair and blushing,
At the loom or spinning-wheel,
Rushed with sudden flirt and flutter
On the lawn with magic will.

Filled with joy thou sang delighted,
Panting forth a stream of love,
Like an angel, strayed, departed,
From the sunny clime above.

Oft my thoughts to thee are turning,
Thinking of the early years,
When I listened to thy fluting
Till my eyes grew dim with tears.

Would that I again could meet thee
On some fragrant mountain slope,
And with childhood spirit listen
To thy song of love and hope.

Leagues of sea and land are lying,
Stretched between thine home and mine,
Still thy notes inspire and fill me,
Fill my soul with thoughts divine.

Time and distance cannot part us,
Chill nor mar our kindred ties;
Spirit which uplifts and guides thee
Also in my bosom lies.

THE SPYGLASS

The pages on record that picture the past,
In stillness I view with the sages at rest.

'Tis clear to my mind as I ponder and gaze,
That man through his struggles uplifted the race.

A stretch of unfoldment in divers degree,
From Socrates' time to our Huxley I see.

The Angles and Saxons and Teutons did rove,
Like Vikings from Northland who eagerly strove

With rival intentions to wander away
To master the earth and the others to sway.

The sunshine which brooded in darkness and
birth
Came smiling through clouds to illumine the
earth.

Each choosing a clime to its liking and taste,
And nations were founded and separate placed.

The tongue that each spoke was unwritten and
crude;
The codes that existed more stifle than prude.

When ages departed to line the dark tomb,
Then Ignorance grunted in desolate gloom.

When science was rooted, its tendrils increased,
As barbarous traits of humanity ceased.

The rapture inspiring brought musical chime,
And language was moulded to meter and rhyme.

The ships that were sailing the deep-rolling sea
Wove nations together by friendly decree.

Through sequence of ages the nations entwined,
With argosies laden the ocean was lined.

The Schoolhouse appeared but so little at first,
But grew and expanded as Ignorance cursed.

The sunshine of knowledge was driven from rest,
And darkness unfolded her hideous breast.

As yet we are groping—our Heaven unborn—
But sunbeams are smiling to kiss the bright
morn,

When nations shall swing to a union-laid throne,
All speak the same language, all counsel as one;

And knowledge shall blaze through the gorges of
hell,
That God the Almighty His secrets may tell.

ON OPAL SEA

Leap ye winds on sandaled feet,
And sing ye waves your sweetest chimes,
 On Opal Sea
 In jolly glee.

Laugh ye hemlock, fir and spruce,
And play ye breezes with their wings,
 In freedom's air,
 And sun so fair.

Smile ye flowers in gladness free,
 I kiss your lips and love you true,
 Sweet daisies white,
 So pure and bright.

Burst ye rose-buds, fresh and full,
And drink the nectar heaven gives,
 The beams sublime
 From solar clime.

Lift your heads ye stately hills,
And scatter smiles where music teems,
 On Opal Sea,
 And land so free.

KING BACCHUS

King Bacchus with his brimming cup
At Christmas eve was singing,
His soul was free, his lips were loud
With notes exalted ringing.
In jolly mood
Inspired he stood,
And praised the loving bowl,
With music in his soul.

He sipped the purple flush with joy,
Elated he was smiling
At goblins in their jeweled cars,
Or ghosts on wings beguiling.
Again he sips
With ruby lips
The nectar in the glass,
Then round he lets it pass.

And drinking still, he grows and swells,
He hails the cup with pleasure,
And boasts of strength and daring feats,
His gold and costly treasure.

Again he sips
With ruby lips
The sparkling wine so red,
In honor of the dead.

He claims the crown, a royal crown,
King Bacchus in his glory,
But as he stands his scepter falls
And leaves a dreadful story.

Again he sips
With ruby lips
His loving, farewell bowl,
With sorrow in his soul.

No trophy crowns his weedy tomb,
He courted vice with pleasure,
He made the mothers sad at heart,
And tears the children's treasure.
His way was wrong,
His only song
Was sorrow steeped with shame,
To cluster round his name.

OUR DUTY

It is our duty, one and all,
 To do our best;
To live a life which time may prove
 To be a test
Of virtue, honesty and truth
 As ages roll
With steady, firm, unchanging speed
 To higher goal.
It is our duty, one and all,
 To do our part,
To lift the fallen, poor and weak,
 With willing heart;
To stand united, work as one,
 For truth and right;
To lead the weary, fettered soul
 To freedom's light.
It is our duty, one and all,
 To clear the way,
To build a bridge to higher planes
 From day to day;
To do our share of honest toil
 In court and lea;
To make the world divine and sweet
 On land and sea.

NELLIE BOHEE

Alone on the pier sat Nellie Bohee,
At twilight in silent devotion;
Heartbroken she gazed with longing to see
Her father come sailing the ocean.

(Chorus)

She waited alone, poor Nellie Bohee,
Alone on the pier by the ocean;
And saw far away the wide-spreading sea
With ships on its bosom in motion.

At last she beheld her ship from the pier,
And knelt as she waited in blessing;
Then toddled to kiss her father so dear
Aboard of the vessel now resting.

“Dear father,” she said in accents quite low,
“Come go with me home I am waiting?
For mother is ill and anxious to know
About your long voyage belating.”

“My Nellie,” he sighed, “I cannot today,”
The captain in anguish repenting;
“Go tell to the world my darling I pray,
The curse of the wine glass so tempting.”

FAREWELL TO THE PAST

Farewell! each trying year, farewell!
Thy time has ceased to be,
Still in thy withered heart I hear
The echo of the free.

Thy path is robed with many smiles,
With tears and sorrow deep,
And struggles which my fathers bore
Within thy bosom sleep.

The kings that wont to rule are mute,
Their lips in silence lay,
In dust upon their marble chins
Within their cells of clay.

Around their sacred berths I see
Their subjects, strong and frail,
Together stretched beneath the sod
Where equal rights prevail.

No class distinction there is known,
They all together sleep;
The rich and poor, the wise and fool,
No serf to toil and weep.

How often on this weedy turf
Their deeds we fail to see,
Their onward march with weary steps
To freedom's jubilee.

Their struggles prompt us, teach, unfold,
A lesson true to life;
Yes, something good, I truly ween,
To mitigate our strife.

What should we gather from the past?
A question ever new;
The good, of course, the answer be,
The only treasure, too.

Leave all the false, impure and bad,
In darkness buried safe;
Leave every creed and doctrine wrong
To perish in the grave.

Leave all which leads to woe and fear,
With sunshine fill thy soul,
And scatter smiles of love and truth,
As ages onward roll.

THE HEAVENLY TWINS

The Heavenly Twins are two noted personages, sitting on two shining thrones, each viewing independently the condition of the earth. They are known as "The Man in the Moon" and "The Man in the Sun." Their stories are respectively as follows, to-wit:

THE MAN IN THE MOON

As twilight deepened around the wings of night, the man in the moon rode in his blazing chariot up the purple horizon, which melted into a soft blue as he swept onward, leaving streaks of silver and gold behind. His hoary head loomed brilliantly as he cast his big eyes upon the earth with a stern, reflective look. Rolling through the heavens with a steady motion, his staring eyes grew more intense and penetrating. He flung his flaming lances over the blue vault

of the sky ; his cheeks flushed and his streaming locks filled the firmament with celestial splendor.

Growing uneasy, he whipped his royal steeds into a burning whiteness and dashed through a black cloud like a meteor. As he landed on the opposite side in an open sea of bright azure, he shone with the luster of Venus, and magically poured a flood of Heavenly advice down the deep blue, proclaiming in a silvery phraseology : "From time immemorial I have made my regular journeys around the earth in my blazing vehicle for the purpose of guiding you during the dark and treacherous night. I have spread my dazzling beams over cities and valleys ; I have blazed the track of rich and poor ; I have never quenched the flame of my lamp on any occasion or at any place. Notwithstanding the long

stretch of years, I have done just as my Father told me when He sent me into space on His mighty arm of gravitation, namely, to shine at night.

“In my revolutions around your globe for millions of years I have had occasion to see many queer and interesting things. Often have I gazed with joy and glory in my soul at the progress of evolution; often have I hoped to see the summit of perfection, the union of heart and hand in the mighty realm of divine forces. But, alas! as my chariot rolled over fields of celestial serenity, it plunged, now and then, into deep and black shadows, where bold conspirators incessantly worked on gigantic schemes to upset the equilibrium of the whole creation.”

He paused for a moment, watched the steady motion of his steeds, then turned his staring eyes earthward again, gazing in an attitude of deep meditation. “I have a story to tell you,” he re-

sumed deliberately, growing intense and earnest as he proceeded. "Long, long ago, the mighty Creator of all things, my Father, your Father, and everybody's Father, had planned for the advent of man on the earth. He called forth from the bosom of His own soul a certain species of plants, which, with the flow of time, blossomed, changed, unfolded, beautified. From the same source He wrung the fishes and other animals of an inferior type, which also evolved into higher forms. He breathed intelligence into every living thing, an intelligence which expanded and penetrated into every molecule.

"Man sprang into existence by slow degrees, unfolded and broadened, became the master of brute force and the highest form of living creatures. God has been generous with this peculiar composition called man. He has moulded his form in the crucible of beauty and grace; He

has bathed his soul in the sunshine of intelligence and reason; He has opened the gates of heaven and unlocked the vault of sublimity and rapture for his enjoyment and pleasure. But how has this creature called man appropriated nature's luxurious gifts?

“Perdition! my heart aches as I listen to the different nucleus of bald-headed schemers, counselling among themselves to violate every law; plan to burst the links of mutual affiliation and to loosen the golden clasp of eternal affinity which unite man and God into one. I have tried to refrain from giving expression to my view, but whereas, I see before me the highest form of nature throw aside the sunbeams of reason and wisdom, and, like apes, sip from the bowl of ignorance the poisonous juice of superstition, egotism and greed, I can no longer remain silent.

“Have you not heard the voice of truth whisper into your ears? Have you not observed the fact that nature is subjected to laws? Why do you not seek to live in harmony with natural forces? To every action there is an equal reaction. This law penetrates the depth of the universe and operates in the ethical as well as in the physical realm.”

A black cloud swept over the face of the moon and the old man turned his attention to the compass. As he regained a fair view of the earth he renewed his philosophical discourse with increased fervor: “I admire,” he stated resolutely, “the good and noble, the pure and sublime; I adore the man or woman whose heart flows out for the purification of society and the unfoldment of mankind. Everyone, young and old, weak and strong, has a mission to perform, a duty to make life sweeter and better on the earth

as well as beyond the grave. You are imbued and surrounded with the breath of God, the laws of nature are working in every tissue of your body, in the sap of the pine, in the soft blushes of the rose, in everything, everywhere. Joy, health and happiness are qualities radiating from the harmonious working of divine forces in nature. The hypocrite, the murderer, the slave of materialism should be pitied. They are ignorant of their low plane and incapable of appreciating the higher and more divine forces, emanating from the unfathomed depth of eternal love and sympathy."

His bright eyes swept over the surface of the earth, peeped into the royal palaces and the lower dives of the big cities. He shook his majestic locks and a fresh volley burst from his burning lips. "I hear with a painful sensation," he emphasized warmly, "the shouts of ranting trum-

peters, advocates of dogmas, boosters of political parties and pipers of savage patriotism. Brush away the false and harbor the true. Examine the operation of nature; study the problem of life, and listen to the voice of God in the tumbling waterfalls, in the dashing waves of the ocean, in the whispering leaves of the laurel, in the tender melodies of the thrush. How do the birds in the forest worship their Creator? Listen to the soft and sweet flow of music on the treetop as the sun sinks below the golden horizon in the west? Does the nightingale weave together traditional superstition for his faith, or does he drink from the inspiring bowl of God? Watch the gentle smiles of the lily as the sunbeams kiss its blossom, transfiguring it into a blushing crown of silver and gold. Observe the joy and harmony everywhere; study how delicately everything is attuned to natural laws; unbosom your souls;

read the book of nature. God revealed in the Holy Writ is also singing and smiling in the beauty of nature. The appearance of Jesus Christ was a revelation of God's wonderful plan. Cease to quarrel about moss-bearded creeds; unite your energy for the discovery of truth and wisdom embodied in the handiwork of God, the forces of universal intelligence. Unlock the current of love, and scatter far and wide the enchanted tendrils of fellowship.

"As I listen to your prattle on protection and patriotism my heart throbs with anger. I appreciate your sacred reverence for home; I glory in the love you manifest for your country; but I abhor your disregard and littleness directed against your fellow brothers across the boundary line. Watch the birds, notice how happily they mingle in all the climes of the globe. Their lan-

guage is one, their music a harmonious flow of love and universal sympathy. How does your mingling compare with the winged angels of the air?"

The old man shook his hoary head into a streaming halo of snow, as he speeded hurriedly towards the zenith, renewing his dissertation with increasing force. "My heart burns," he exclaimed irascibly, "when I meditate upon God's own offspring. I have seen the bud of reason and the bloom of philosophic instinct uprooted and heaved into the grave by the cold hand of prejudice; I have seen the nightmare of superstition spreading her dark wings upon the pearl-set blooms of truth and love; I have seen the dogmatic advocate with his shining blade stabbing the hoary expounder of philosophy and wisdom.

"How dearly I loved old Socrates! How often

I have shed dazzling beams to illumine the streets of Athens, when the brave sage stood barefooted in the midst of a dense multitude unfolding the maxim of moral conduct and the philosophy of life! But, ah! how did the self-styled potentates, wielding the scepter of government, receive his ringing messages of wisdom and truth. Their prejudice was enkindled, their ignorance intensified; superstition became their plausible excuse; the hemlock was prepared, and the dauntless interpreter of the laws of nature drank the cup of death and fell into an untimely grave.

“Socrates is not the only one who sleeps in the dust a martyr of thought and freedom. Nay, a long train of brilliant stars bends over the horizon of your civilization. Blood and tears are flowing down the gorges of human greed, selfishness and vice. How can a man of thought and heart remain silent through untold ages?

Constantly a panorama of crime has spread out before my eyes. I have seen kings and monarchs crawl under the veil of religion to slaughter their fellow brothers; I have seen innocent men and women, faithful to justice, true to their honest conviction, burned at the stake under the guise of God's will; I have seen bald-headed age with one foot in church and the other in the grave at midnight's silent hour, scheming, working, to gain possession of the whole earth; I have seen homes ruined and children thrown on the arms of mercy by heartless fossils, who figure as moral lights and counselors of the people; I have seen the lawmaker join hands with the pulpit orator in sanctioning the establishment of houses of ill-fame; I have seen the young girl, the bloom of the household, torn from the bosom of a loving mother and heaved into the den of prostitution; I have seen the young man, the pride of the fire-

side, dragged into the gilded hall of infamy; I have seen the future pillars of every nation—young girls and boys—led to ruin by the gaudy peacocks of society with the full consent of hoary monsters, entrusted with the scepter of control.”

It was now after midnight, and the old man hurriedly drove his brilliant steeds down the heavens. He cast his burning eyes once more upon the earth and proclaimed in a firm accentuation: “Before I bid you farewell, permit me to promulgate my views. My declaration comes from the heart, hence I speak without hesitation. Listen! You are depressing and repelling the spirit of your Creator and violating the laws of your own being. You are burning the essence of your own happiness by cultivating the weeds of prejudice; you are driving sunshine out of your own bosoms by fostering superstitious creeds; you are trimming the wings of your own

prosperity by retaliation. Banish your vanity for the amalgamation and upbuilding of the human race. God has drawn no line of distinction. You are all the offspring of the same stem. Extricate the impediment of the different tongues, which has a tendency to alienate and freeze the current of sympathy. Language is an instrumentality by which you convey your thoughts and should be universal. Uproot the tendrils of selfishness and greed and extend the hand of brotherhood to the weak and helpless. Read the book of nature, as well as the bible, seek the shades of the pine for the presence of God, and listen to the voices of angels in the tinkling brook. Heaven is everywhere. God is within—the ego of the soul.”

As the old man had delivered his proclamation, he rolled down the horizon in his silver vehicle and disappeared.

THE MAN IN THE SUN

The flowers in the meadows were studded with diamonds; the trees in the forest were tingling with the music of singing birds. The heaven above spread out in a deep blue; here and there were shades of purple. Streaks of silver were shooting up from the horizon, then a halo, with morning greetings, rose beyond the hills. The ocean was breathing softly, on its bosom lay a quivering flush of gold. The man in the sun ascended in his burning vehicle. He cast his beaming eyes over hills and valleys and cheered the earth with his smiles.

After meditating for a while he burst into a blazing and earnest discourse, saying, "I think you like my appearance, but only a small number at the present time will appreciate my teaching. My eyes are far-reaching and I can see a long distance ahead. The future is to me an open book. I can see the mistakes that God's

children have made, but I have not come to criticise. I suppose you know that I have tried to cheer your hearts in the past, and I shall also be glad to do so in the future. As I am willing to let my beams fall on good and bad, on rich and poor, I hope you will consider my advice and teaching. They will help you to cut short many angry turns in your onward walk. It is through experience and instruction that the human race is evolving. You have now reached the stage in evolution where instruction plays an important part. I can see the golden peak in the distance and will blaze the way with my beams, if you will follow me. Remember, however, that you have to leave many things behind to enable you to climb the rugged hillsides; you will have to leave your bad habits, your prejudice and smallness; your foolish creeds and dogmas. Remember this: You will have to be so broad, liberal,

flexible and loving that you can extend a welcome hand to friend and foe alike. God is everywhere. Seek to understand the laws that govern the universe and you will know God's methods of operation. You will have to abandon old notions for the good of all, which I know you will do, as you are growing broader and better from year to year."

He gazed toward the zenith with flaming eyes. He grew more and more philosophic as he rolled in his chariot across the heaven, flinging his loving smiles earthward. He articulated instinctively: "The people on earth have just commenced to open their eyes. They are growing broader, and their future is bright. They will soon see what God intended them to do. Before entering, however, the deep sea of full understanding, they will have to pass through many hard struggles. The Orient and the Occident

will clash, owing to race feeling, to territorial possessions, political and commercial relations. The struggle will be fierce, but the outcome good. There are three great things that God will bring about on this earth, namely, a universal language, a universal government and universal peace.

“A universal language is the prime requisite. The great obstacle to a universal government and universal peace is the estrangement of the people, caused principally by the bewilderment of the many languages in use. It is necessary to have a universal language to establish universal fellowship. National hatred must be wiped out. A universal language will help to do it.

“Listen! with the onward march of progress, I want you to recognize the fact, regardless of

birthplace, that all of you are the offspring of the same impartial God, subjected to the same natural laws, therefore, unite in fellowship and friendship.”

His brilliant eyes beamed with sympathy as he rolled steadily westward through a deep blue sky. Streaks of gold and silver gathered around his burning car. He gazed earthward and beheld the earthly conditions.

In firm and earnest accents he uttered: “Before I bid you goodbye I want to impress on your minds clearly and vividly these words: ‘Always remember that God’s will is the guiding power.’ ”

These were his last words.

AT POULSBO BAY

The ocean waves are softly ringing,

The wildwoods pant with sweetness rare,
With tender voice the birds are singing,

And music trembles through the air.

Inspired with glee,
Which fills the lea
At Poulsbo bay.

The soul of happiness is smiling,

When morning bursts on pearl-set wing ;
And hillocks laugh with joy beguiling,

While plumage songsters sweetly sing
Their freedom's air
In sunshine fair
At Poulsbo bay.

And jingle, tingle, chiming, singing,

The wavelets roll with jubilee ;

The echoes ring, and chiming, ringing,

And breezes waft around in glee,
Afar and near
The heart to cheer
At Poulsbo bay.

IN GOD WE DWELL

Ring out ye harps with love and truth,
On Earth, in Sea and Heaven blue;
And God uncurtain to our grasp,
The God impartial, firm and true.

Is Hell a den of many looks,
And Heaven, too, a part of all?
O mighty Soul! unfold and smile,
With God divine we stand or fall.

O death! a change from night to morn,
Which leads to sweeter, purer life,
As on we pass to higher planes
By each succeeding hope and strife.

Yes, God in man and man in God
Through life or death on either shore,
On either shore in arms divine,
We dwell forever, evermore.

THE BALTIC SCRIBE

By the Baltic rolling sea,
On the Finnish shore,
Lived an old, sagacious scribe,
In the days of yore.
Silver locks were streaming
Like a halo gleaming
Down his furrowed face,
Marked with grief and grace.
With a bright and mellow glow,
Firm in spirit true,
Burned his gentle, beaming eyes,
Deep in color blue.

In his throbbing bosom lay
Thoughts of right and wrong,
Tyranny which fiercely reigned
Moved his pen along.
For his little journal
Words of truth eternal

He inspiring wrote
In a metric note,
Which with freedom sparkle, burn,
Burning evermore,
In the hearts of young and old,
On the Baltic shore.

Across the land, o'er hills and fragrant lea,
His stanzas flew with hope of liberty.
The sons of Finland, patriotic, brave,
The ringing message soon expression gave.
Their love grew warmer, more intense and keen
Till freedom blossomed in their hearts serene.
Alas! their hope, imbued with sacred joy,
The Bear now sought with saber to destroy;
For he had planned his country to extend
And blood and death to him sweet pleasure lend.

With bowed head the scribe with pen in hand
Was driven from his home and native land.
His little shop, his leaden types and press,
With which he sought injustice to redress,
Were to the flames with rousing jubilee
Unquestioned heaved to mock his liberty.
With fettered hands an easy prey he fell
To waste away within a dungeon cell.
No more to see his wife and children dear,
His native land, his friends afar and near.

Shackles on his hands and feet,
Like a criminal,
Sat the old sagacious scribe
In a dungeon cell.
Time and fury keeping,
Wife and children weeping

On the Finnish soil,
Where they went to toil.
Homeless, helpless and forlorn,
Victims forced to yield
To the soldiers' brutal rage
On the bloody field.

Brokenhearted, helpless, lost,
Prayers rose in vain,
Mercy failed to calm the rage,
To besoothe the pain.
Brutes in soldiers' glory,
Heaven knows the story,
Seized the victims, young and old,
All unheeded fell,
While the scribe with shackles bound
Reveled in his cell.

TRIBUTE TO LEIF ERIKSON

Deep in thought he gazed around,
Ocean waves were rolling,
Breezes fanned his cherished hope,
Set his fancy strolling.

Like a sailor scenting storm,
Filled with daring notion,
Stood the Viking, Leif the Brave,
By the rock-bound ocean.

Land beyond the salty sea,
Flowery plains and wildwood,
Spread a picture to his view,
In his early childhood.

Mischief brooding on the deep,
Clouds in mad commotion
Filled his soul with bold exploits
On the stormy ocean.

With a crew of fearless men,
Wont to ocean faring,
Gallantly he westward sailed
With undaunted daring.

At the helm he firmly stood,
“Onward,” he proclaiming;
Tempests sweeping o'er the sea
Set his eyes aflaming.

In the distance he beheld
Hillocks clad with wildwood,
Streamlets leaping through the vales,
Like in dreams of childhood.

“Vinland,” he proclaimed with joy,
Land that he was seeking,
On the shore across the sea,
Leif, the Northland Viking.

TRIBUTE TO JENNY LIND

Oft we hailed the joy and gladness
At the golden dawn serene,
When the nightingale was singing
In the forest fresh and green.
Nature then with rapture trembled,
Music flowed divine along
To besoothe our restless feeling
By the magic thrill of song.
Song that cheered us,
Moved and filled us,
Filled us with a joy serene,
Sweet and tender on the green.

As our thoughts enchanted wander,
Like the listless ocean crests,
Then a longing keen and tender
Steals into our throbbing breasts.
Friends departed gently prompt us,
Those who cheered the toiling throng,

Those who strewed our path with roses,
Filled our souls with joy and song.

Song that cheered us,

Moved and filled us,

Made our life serene and sweet,
When our hearts despondent beat.

Oft our eyes grow soft and dewy,

When the past returns to view,

When the pure and good inspire us

With a greeting kind and true,

With a greeting of remembrance,

Teeming with the joy of yore,

Like the mellow notes of Jenny,

Jenny Lind forevermore.

Song that cheered us,

Moved and filled us,

With her soul divine and free,

With her joy and jubilee.

Sweet as thrushes' magic fluting

On the treetops in the lea,

Or the nightingale's deep clarion,

Trilled her voice with jubilee;

Rich in music as the brooklet,
Warbling through the meadow green,
Fell her silver notes so tender
From her lips with joy serene.

Song that cheered us,
Moved and filled us,
Filled our hearts to overflow
In the days of long ago.

Melodies which sweetly trembled
From her lips with jubilee
Were not all which graced her being,
Made her known from sea to sea.
In her bosom Virtue caroled,
Love and truth did ever glide
With her mellow strains of gladness
Like the fragrant-breathing tide.
Song that cheered us,
Moved and filled us,
As she onward smiling bore,
Svea's darling evermore.

SPRING NYMPH

She comes in March on fragrant wing,
 On fragrant wing,
The magic nymph with joy of spring,
 With joy of spring.

She lays her lips on snow-clad peaks,
 On snow-clad peaks,
And streamlets roll adown their cheeks,
 Adown their cheeks.

She northward drives the chilly breeze,
 The chilly breeze,
With touches warm o'er land and seas,
 O'er land and seas.

She paints the lea afar and near,
 Afar and near,
In color green, enchanting, clear,
 Enchanting, clear.

The meadows to her calling bloom,
 Her calling bloom,
And skies above with fragrance loom,
 With fragrance loom.

She makes the sap run up the trees,
 Run up the trees,
The sun to wake the honey-bees,
 The honey-bees.

She makes the birds on treetops green,
 On treetops green,
To shake with song divine, serene,
 Divine, serene.

Outdoors she calls the maidens fair,
 The maidens fair,
The young and old her joy to share,
 Her joy to share.

Her witchery the glebe beguiles,
The glebe beguiles,
And sprouting corn broadcast lies,
Broadcast lies.

She makes the groves of fir and pine,
Of fir and pine,
To burst in bloom like eglantine,
Like eglantine.

When sunshine bids the summer sway,
The summer sway,
She blesses all and flits away,
And flits away.

IN THE COUNTRY

Take me, take me to the old, old home,
 In the country,
Where the deer and elk so fondly roam,
 In the country,
Where the full-blown rose with fragrance bends,
And the mellow horn enchantment lends,
 In the country,
 In the country.

Let me sit where rivers swiftly roll,
 In the country,
With bewitching voice to cheer my soul,
 In the country,
Let me sip the joy that thrushes spill
On the morning twilight fresh and still,
 In the country,
 In the country.

'Twas there on the homestead far away,
 In the country,
That I heard the harp of nature play,
 In the country,
'Twas there by the sea in days of youth
That the voice of love my soul did soothe,
 In the country,
 In the country.

AROUND THE OLD HEARTH

The willows have stiffened, their branches are
leafless,

And lonely they stand on the bank of the river.
The monarch of winter is wielding his scepter,
With hands that are shivering, cold as the north-
pole.

The brooklets are weaving their borders of silver,
And icicles hang like the swords of the Romans.
December appears and the heaven is sprinkled
With spangles of lead; from its bosom is falling,
So graceful the snowflakes, and sail down the
deep blue.

The pine and the hemlock are draped with a
mantle

Of white as they stand on the hillside in silence,
Beholding the splendor adorning the landscape.
When Yuletide approaches, the steeds and the
urchins

Are heard on the highway with bells that are
ringing

Clear as the brooklet that warbles in springtime.
The hearth now is blazing with comfort that
pleases

And maidens are chatting around it delighted
With swains of their liking who came from a
distance

To woo and to win them as sweethearts in wed-
lock.

And smiling serenely the basket of apples
The housewife is bringing to sweeten their pleas-
ure.

Ah, little they care for the wind which is raging,
The fury which falls from his lips as he whistles.
Exalted in hope at the hearth they are chatting,
So cheerful and happy the swains with their
sweethearts.

HUNTING MAMMA

Little Jennie Lee was lonely,
Lonely playing on the lawn,
So she went to look for mamma
At the setting of the sun.
Mamma who had left her darling
Many, many years before,
With a smile as she departed
For the happy, golden shore.

Gazing round she wept in silence,
Toddled weeping to the sea,
Which outspreads below the homestead
By the fragrant, verdant lea.
Standing weary on the seashore,
Gazing, gazing, far and near,
Where she heard a gentle whisper,
“O my Jennie, darling dear.”

'Twas her mamma's voice so tender,
 Wafting, wafting, to her ear.
'Twas her voice which gently whispered,
 "O my Jennie, darling dear."
Little Jennie Lee responded
 Brokenhearted by the sea:
"Mamma, mamma, I am lonely;
 Mamma, come and play with me?"

To her lips, with gladness trembling,
 Came a sweet and tender kiss.
'Twas her mamma's gentle presence
 Bringing love and Heaven's bliss.
"Darling Jennie, don't you worry,"
 Said her mamma, sweet and clear,
"I am with you late and early,
 Watching you, my darling dear."

Little Jennie smiled delighted,
Whispered low in childish tone,
“Mamma, come for I must hurry,
Papa is at home alone.”
“Darling dear,” her mamma answered,
“Tell your papa, kind and true,
Tell him, dear, that I am watching,
Tending, watching, all of you.”

Smiling still she stood and listened,
Gazing at the waning day,
“Mamma dear,” again she whispered,
“Come and go with me I pray?”
“Darling, don’t you fret,” she answered,
“I am with you evermore.
Tell your papa that I love him,
Love him truly as before.”

So, again she kissed her darling,
 In a happy, sweet adieu,
Then in accents soft she told her,
 “Jennie, dear, be good and true.
Tell your papa that I love him,
 Love him truly as before.
Tell him we shall meet in Heaven,
 There to mingle evermore.”

TIME

On thy broad wings I sail,
O aggravating time!
As ages onward speed
To higher, nobler clime.

How oft thy cheeks I hugged,
When tears were flowing fast,
But chilly smiles thou gave
To heal my wounded breast.

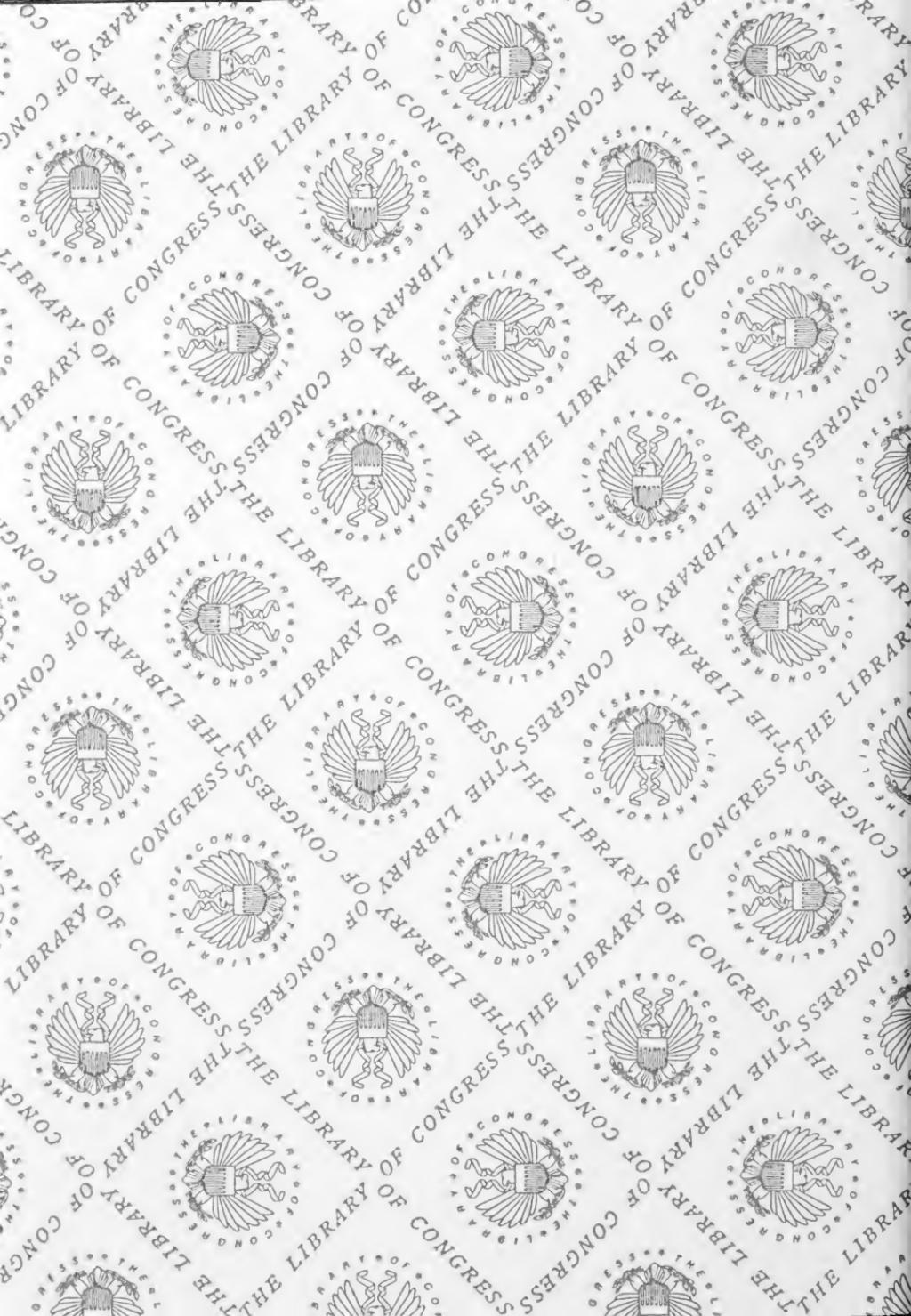
With thee I toss, O time!
On wings of cunning charms,
Through gulfs unknown for aye,
In nature's mighty arms.

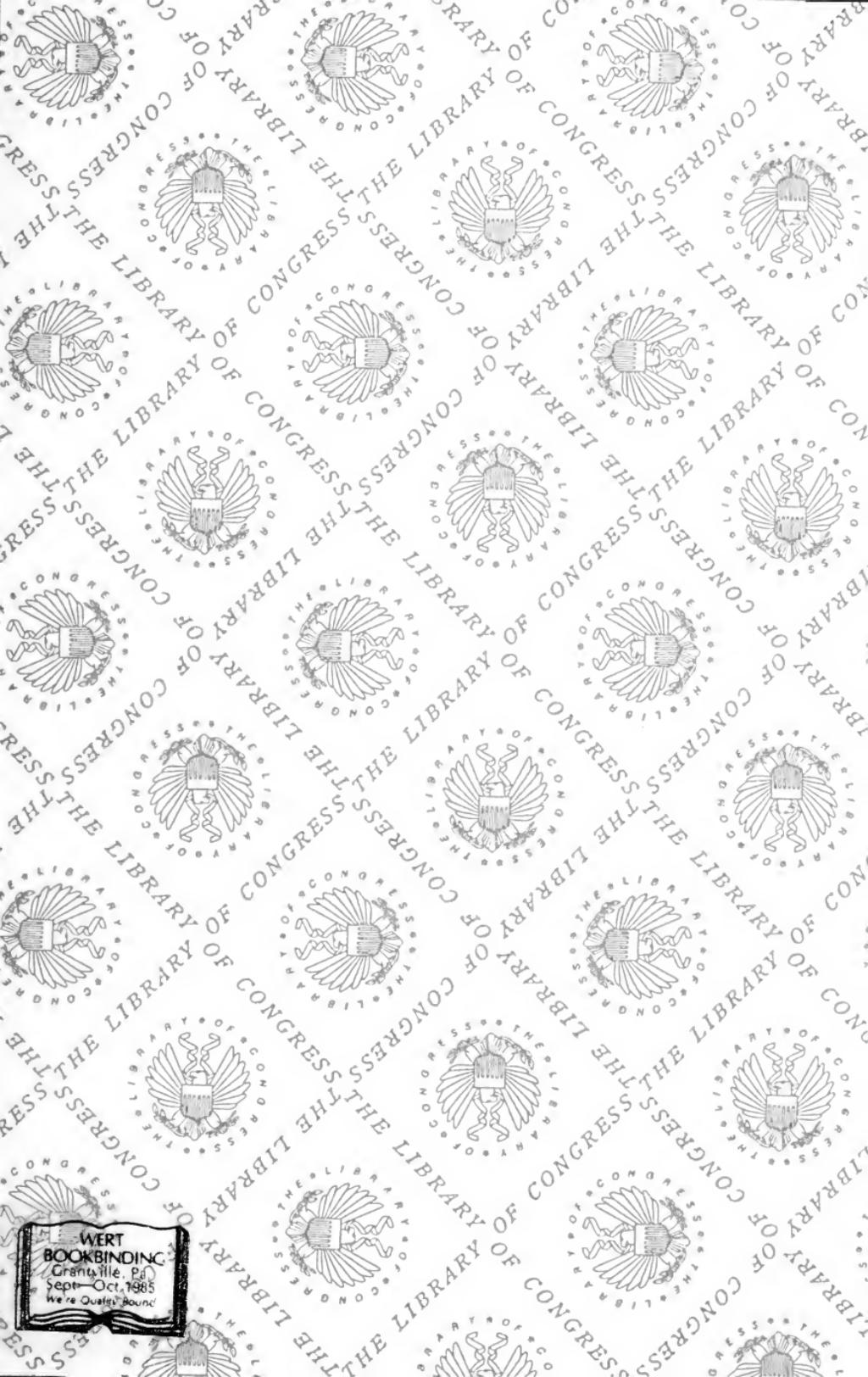
SPRING HILL

I know a place where roses bloom,
 Not far away,
I know a place where fountains flow
 In sunshine gay.
Majestic, grand, Spring Hill outspreads
 Where ripples roll
Across the bosom of the deep
 To cheer the soul.
'Twas there the wildwoods laid their shades
 Upon the shore,
When Amunds came to build his home
 In days of yore.
'Twas there he swung with brawny arms—
 O pioneer!
The axe which made the hillocks ring
 With music clear.
He banished by his sturdy stroke
 The forest gloom;

He made the rugged grove and lea
To burst in bloom.
And like a hero, brave and true,
 He passed away,
And on his tomb a fragrant wreath
 His friends did lay.
Spring Hill with blossoms fresh and green
 Adores his name,
And fountains babbling sweet with song
 His deeds proclaim.
So, sleep in peace—O pioneer!
 Beyond the sea,
A fond remembrance fills our souls
 With thoughts of thee.







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